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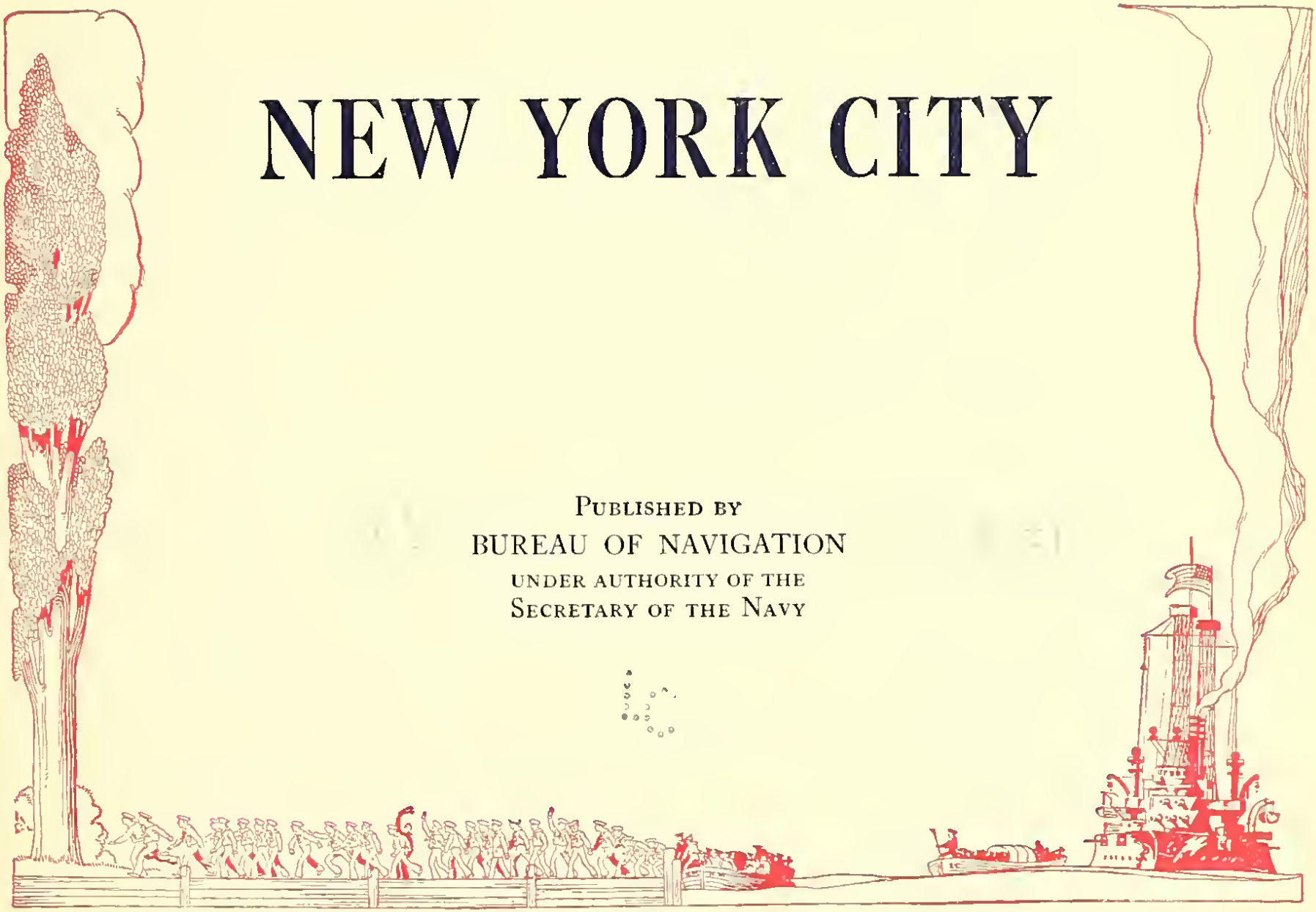

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NEW YORK SKY LINE

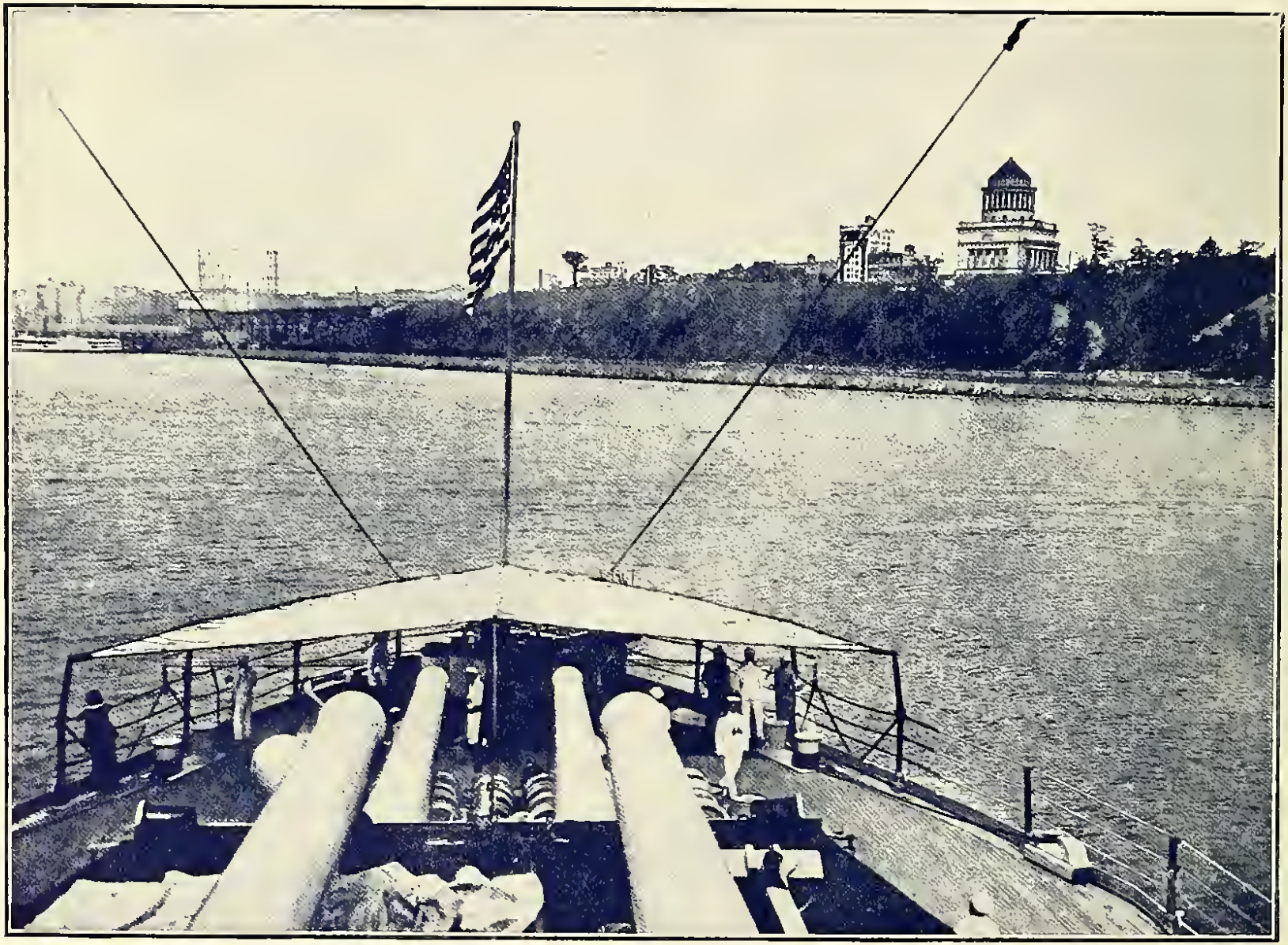
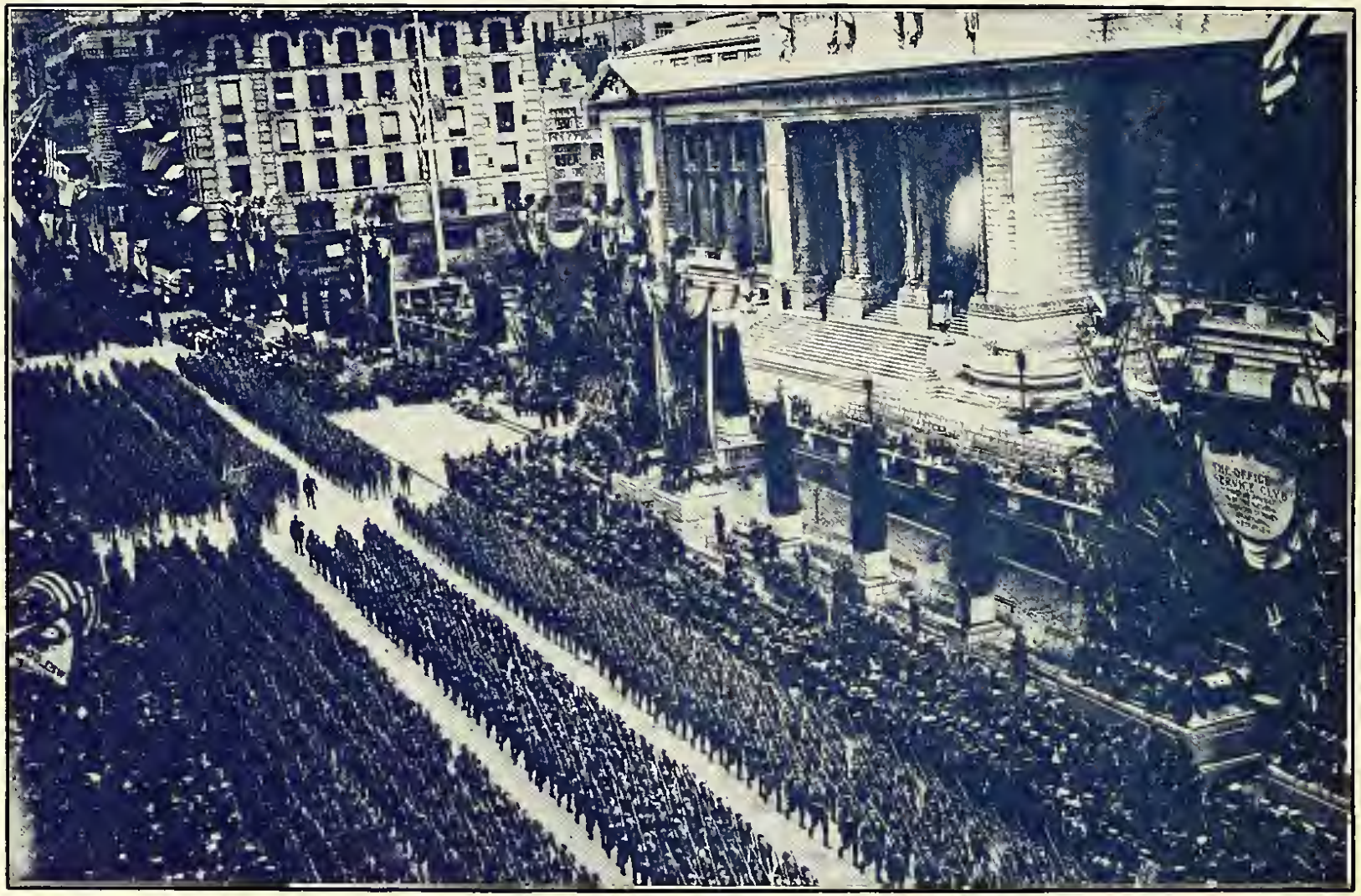


PHOTO TAKEN FROM U. S. S. "ARKANSAS," ANCHORED IN HUDSON RIVER, SHOWING NEW YORK'S FASHIONABLE RIVERSIDE DRIVE AND GRANT'S TOMB

VIEW OF HUDSON RIVER FROM EMPIRE BUILDING—STEAMER "LA FRANCE" LEAVING NEW YORK FOR EUROPE



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Foreword

SINCE warships flying the American flag have made the world of waters their cruising grounds, and since they carry with them scores of thousands of seagoing Americans, the personal interest of the Nation in ports, far and near, is ever increasing in recent years.

In order to furnish valuable information to officers and enlisted men of the Navy who visit these ports, the Bureau of Navigation is preparing individual guidebooks on the principal ports of the world.

Although every effort has been made to include accurate information on the most important subjects connected with this port, it is realized that some important facts may have been omitted and that certain details may be inaccurate. Any information concerning omissions or inaccuracies, addressed to Guidebook Editor, Bureau of Navigation, will be appreciated. The information will be incorporated into revised editions.

Acknowledgment is made to the National Geographic Society for its suggestions, both as to editorial policy and the interesting details concerning this port and its environs.

Acknowledgment is also made to Pach Photo News, Western Newspaper Union, Army Air Service, Underwood & Underwood, and United States Navy for the following photographs, which are copyrighted.

Introduction

THREE hundred years ago the site of modern New York City was occupied by a trading post, a few scattered dwellings, and wood, pasture, and marsh lands. It was the rendezvous of hunters, trappers, traders, and the copper-tinted survivors of the Indian tribe—Manhatanis. Previous to the advent of the white man, the Manhatanis governed the tongue of land now known as Manhattan and The Bronx—whose roots are in Westchester County, and whose upper and lower jaws are the Hudson and East Rivers. To-day, New York is the largest city in the world, a port of entry and departure for thousands of ships, the richest city in the world, and the home of seven or eight millions of people, whose forefathers, for several generations back, were yet unborn when the first white man sailed up New York Bay.

Where the red men mixed their war paints of colored clay and daubed the mixture on their leathery faces, milady now wields the lip stick and powder puff; where bronzed trappers and traders trod narrow trails, high-powered automobiles now speed over asphalt pavements; where Indian squaws ground maize and beaded leather garments for their warriors, great factories with smoke-belching chimneys and humming machinery now manufacture

goods for many nations; and where birch and dugout canoes were paddled by hand in New York Harbor, ships of steel now churn the water into feathery spume, leaving oily wakes behind them.

To compare the glory that was Rome's to the glory that is New York's is to compare the cockleshell ship, in which Henry Hudson sailed up the river, to the mighty ocean liners, which now go bellowing down the bay on their voyages to distant lands. Ancient writers who boasted of the wealth and splendor of their ancient cities would find, were they living, inexhaustible stores of material for more pretentious boasts in the achievements and growth of modern New York, almost a nation in itself, in wealth, in power, and in influence.

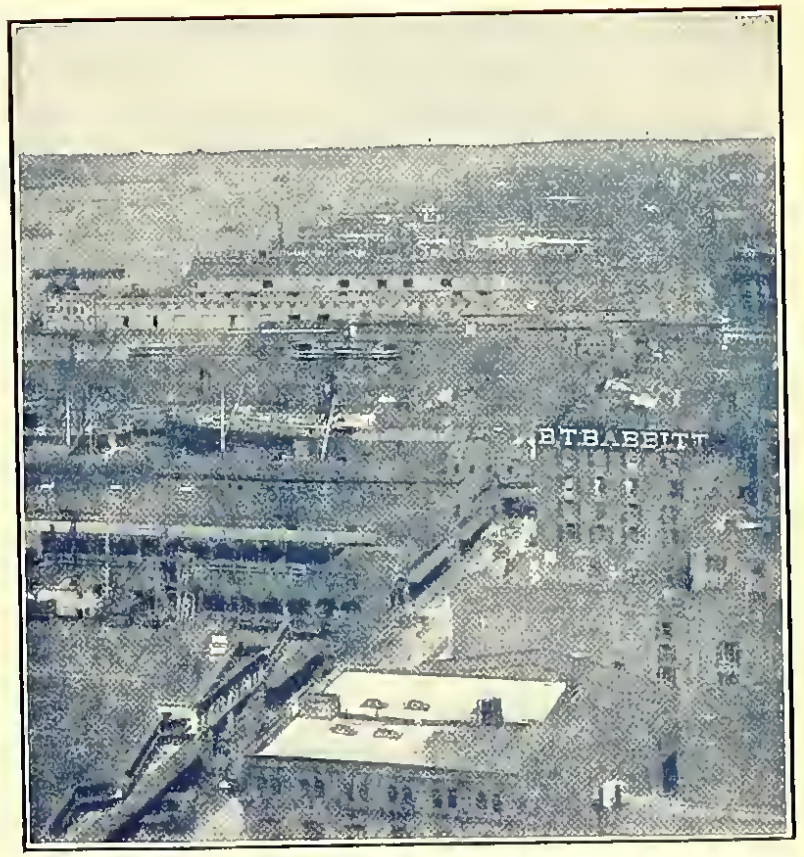
Of first interest to a majority of visitors in New York are the tall buildings, and of second interest are the people. There are many other sights to be seen and remarked upon in New York, of course; but the cloud-touching structures of steel, concrete, and glass, and the busy throngs of people which crowd the streets, constitute a sight which almost, if not quite, overwhelms the stranger. Skyscrapers, the restless but rather ordered stirring of humanity, the purring motors, the rumble of the elevated, the subdued roar of the subway, the "clang-clang" of the surface cars, the shriek of whistles, the hum of voices—all the commingling noises of a great city—beat on the eardrums of the observer.

In New York, the American is better able than in any other city of the United States to visualize something of the greatness of his country. The charge is often made in other lands that Americans are much too ready to over-estimate their country or to compare it with other nations, invariably to the detriment of the latter. Such "charges" can hardly be sound, for Americans can seldom grasp the true greatness of their country. It is beyond understanding! The American, however, can realize to a certain extent the majesty of the country in which he lives by visiting its metropolis. So, just for the sake of education, let us bide there awhile. As Englishmen go to London, so should Americans go to the Empire City, the locality of superlatives, the speedometer of that smoothly running "motor" which is the United States of America.

HUDSON'S MUTINEERS

AN IMPENDING mutiny on Henry Hudson's sailing vessel of 80 tons, the "Half-moon," brought about the discovery of the Hudson River and the first exploration by white men of the territory upon which the city of New York now stands. It happened in 1609. On March 25 of that year, Hudson sailed from Amsterdam in the employ of the Dutch East India Company. He hoped to find a passage to the Spice Islands through the northeastern part of the American continent, expecting thereby to reduce the distance by water from the territories of trade in the Pacific, and assuring riches for his employers and himself.

Arriving at Nova Zembla, some weeks after leaving Amsterdam, Hudson attempted the navigation of the Kara Strait. He expected to find the Pacific by that route; but his crew found the cold weather not to their liking and openly threatened mutiny. Hudson, not in the least discouraged by the failure of his original plans, sailed south to



Looking North up West Street over Ocean Steamship Docks and Hudson River, New York

warm the chilled blood of his doughty crew. The "Half-moon" scudded and sulked in turn across the Atlantic. Hudson sighted land in the general locality of Nova Scotia; but, satisfied that the water route to the

Pacific did not lie in that direction, he sailed farther south.

On September 12, 1609, the "Half-moon" passed Sandy Hook, now the site of the principal defenses of New York City, entered New York Bay, sighted what is now Manhattan, Brooklyn, and Jersey City, and then ploughed up the river which was later to bear the name of its discoverer. After exploring the stream to the present site of Albany, Hudson returned to Europe and announced the discovery of a great river. Two years later he again ventured too far north for the comfort of his crew and another mutiny threatened; finally it materialized; Hudson, his son, and seven others were cast adrift in a small boat; they were never found; and so Henry Hudson, having served his purpose, passes out of the story.

Peter Minuit, a Westphalian, now occupies the center of the stage for a moment. Financed by the Dutch West India Company, Minuit purchased Manhattan Island from the Indians for the price of $25. Both Minuit and the Indians are said to have been satisfied with the transaction. Minuit established on Manhattan Island a combination of trading post and village, with a population of 200 white people, which was called New Amsterdam. About 25 years later, when New Amsterdam's population had grown to 1,000, it was considered one of the most important settlements in the New World. The New Amsterdamers earned their livelihood by farming, trapping, and trading with the Indians who came from the unsettled regions of the west and north.

Peter Stuyvesant governed New Amsterdam from 1647 until 1664, when the settlement was occupied by the English Colonel Nicholls. It was soon recaptured by the Dutch; but, in 1673, was given over to England under the terms of an Anglo-Dutch treaty.

REVOLUTIONARY DAYS

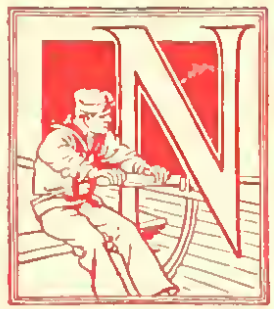
NEW AMSTERDAM became "New York" shortly after the British occupation. It was so called in honor of the Duke of York, to whom Charles II had granted the province in which the town was founded. In 1712, the negroes of New York, numbering half the population, rose in

insurrection against the local authorities. Before the insurrection was put down, 21 negroes were executed, either by burning at the stake, by hanging, or by breaking on the wheel. Twenty-nine years later another disturbance over the race question brought about the death or exile of 4 whites and 154 negroes.

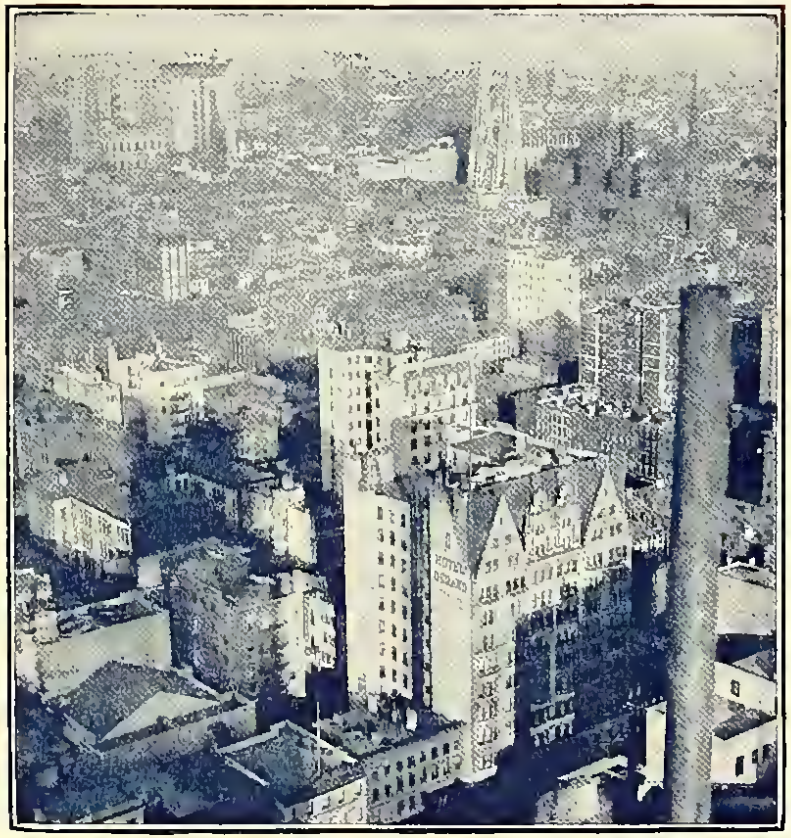
In the latter part of the eighteenth century, New York became one of the many colonial "hotbeds of rebellion" which made it a bit too warm for the uneasy occupants of the selfsame beds, and resulted in the vacation thereof and the independence to the Colonies. Delegates from nine of the thirteen Colonies met in New York in 1765 to protest against the enforcement of the Stamp Act and other laws distasteful to the American people. The first blood of the American Revolution was shed in 1770, when soldiers attempted to destroy the "Liberty Pole" of the Sons of Liberty; and, six weeks later, the Boston massacre foretold the start of the Revolution. New York, then with a population of 20,000, came to be a storm center of the rebellion, and its surrounding territories the scene of several battles between the ragged Colonials in buff and blue and the British troops in "red uniforms and pipe-clayed belts."

Washington captured New York in 1776 but evacuated the town after the battles of Long Island and Harlem Heights. For seven years New York was the headquarters of the British Army in the Colonies. When the British left in 1783, the Colonials again took possession; and since that time New York has prospered as an important part of these United States of America.

THE CLIFF DWELLERS



NEW YORK is a city of man-made cliffs and canyons, whose maze of streets and crossings and courts are as bewildering to the stranger as the majestic puzzle of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado until he acquaints himself with the general plan on which the city is arranged; then he finds his way as easily as people who have lived in New York for, say, six months and who have come to regard themselves as natives.



From Times Building—Northeast, past Cathedral and Fifth Avenue, New York

New York proper occupies Manhattan Island, the oldest, richest, and most populous borough in the city. More people live in an average square mile of Manhattan than in the entire State of Nevada. Next to Manhattan, Brooklyn is the largest borough. The Bronx, Queens, and Richmond follow, in point of population, in the order named. Brooklyn and Queens are south and east of Manhattan, being on Long Island and separated from Manhattan and The Bronx by the East River. Richmond is south on Staten Island. Jersey City, Hoboken, Newark, and other cities of New Jersey lie across the Hudson River to the west. These cities are a part of New York in spirit, if not in fact, since a large proportion of their citizens spend most of their waking hours in the metropolis.

Streets and avenues in New York run at right angles, the streets east and west, and the avenues north and south (except in the old down-town section where the streets are in the habit of winding around with as much irresponsibility and freedom of fancy as the roller coasters on Coney Island). Broadway, another exception to the rule, follows an irregular course, proceeding diagonally from the southeastern to the northwestern limits of the city, thus crossing nearly all the streets and avenues. New York is divided by Fifth Avenue into the West and East Sides, the east and west

streets being numbered as we go north, commencing with Fourth Street. So all numbers of streets crossing Fifth Avenue are either "East" or "West." Blocks going north and south are shorter than the ordinary city blocks (about twenty of them to the mile). The blocks running east and west are longer, each of them as long as three or four short blocks.

The following rule may be followed in locating the street nearest to a given number: "Cancel last figure of given number, divide by 2, and add the key number." The key numbers are: First Avenue, 3; Second Avenue, 3; Third Avenue, 10; Fourth Avenue, 8; Fifth Avenue, 17; Sixth Avenue, 6; Seventh Avenue, 12; Eighth Avenue, 9; Ninth Avenue, 13; Tenth Avenue, 14; Eleventh Avenue, 15; Lexington Avenue, 22; Madison Avenue, 26; Park Avenue, 34; Columbus Avenue, 59; Amsterdam Avenue, 59; and Broadway, (deduct) 30. For example, locate the street nearest 410 Third Avenue. The last figure is canceled, leaving 41. This number, divided by 2, equals 20. And 20 plus 10 (the key number) equals 30. Therefore, Thirtieth Street is nearest 410 Third Avenue.

Times Square and Theatrical District

The Woolworth and Post Office Buildings from the Air

Times Square, the center of New York, is the point from which the traveler should begin his pilgrimages around the city. Many of the theaters, hotels, railway stations, department stores, and shops are within short walking distances of the square.

As New York is a city of cliffs and canyons, so a large proportion of the population can be listed as cliff dwellers—not in the sense that "cliff dwellers" is usually meant, of course; but in the modern sense, that is, skyscraper-ically speaking. In the morning, at noon, and again in the afternoon, the cliff dwellers fill the streets and avenues, subways, surface cars, and elevated trains on their journeys to and from work. During the rush hour it seems that the entire population of the United States has been transferred bodily to the down-town districts of New York. The individual citizen can best understand his own insignificance by walking or riding down Broadway, around Times and Herald Squares, Fifth Avenue, Forty-second Street, and near-by streets and avenues, or crossing Brooklyn Bridge during the rush hours. He realizes he is a very small part of that ferment called life.

But where do all these people come from? A few moments before, the streets were filled, but not uncomfortably so.

There were long lines of automobiles, but no traffic jams. There were many people hurrying along the sidewalks, but there was little jostling. And now, almost in the space of a few seconds it seems, the streets are crowded with tens and hundreds of thousands of people fighting for seats in subway, elevated, and surface cars. Traffic policemen turn themselves into human semaphores, laboring desperately to maintain some semblance of order among the locust swarms of automobiles which descend upon them from all directions. And the hum of the city is like the droning of ten billion bees.

A SAW-TOOTH SKY LINE

THE answer in all probability has been guessed before now. They come, do these swarming, teeming millions, from the man-made cliff dwellings, some of which rear their heads almost to the clouds. The population of one of New York's tall buildings is larger than that of many towns. They furnish shelter for hundreds of thousands of toilers. They are an American institution, a child of necessity, a product of American ingenuity.

New York Sky Line from Hudson River, New York

New York's sky line is at its best when seen from the Hudson River near the lower end of Manhattan Island. It presents a jagged, broken line, where roofs seem to meet the sky and almost pierce it. In the foreground are piers and ferryboat landings, continually washed by the waters of the lower Hudson River; farther back are shabby red brick buildings; and then in the middle ground and distance rise

Singer Building (49 Stories) and City Investment Building, New York

the skyscrapers, which, from a distance, resemble rectangular combs of honey.

On the left the Woolworth Building—tallest structure of its kind and the business home of 12,000 persons—rears its 58 stories above street level. It is 750 feet high, and, with the ground on which it stands and which should groan under its weight, even though it does not, cost over twelve million dollars. The two wings of the Woolworth Building resemble the arms and the high tower the back of a gigantic armchair. With slight alterations it might prove a comfortable seat for the gods.

From the roof of the Woolworth Building, the visitor, as if on the top of a high mountain, views the artificial canyons, valleys, peaks, and rivers—whose waters are streams of men—spread out around him. In the night time, the Woolworth Building can be seen for a distance of 40 miles. It is far higher than the Tower of Babel could ever have become; and about its base is heard as varied a tangle of languages as that which discouraged the builders of the ancient temple. New Yorkers, evidently, are more persistent than the ancient babblers.

South of the Woolworth Building stands the Singer Building whose tower resembles, in a way, a Mohammedan minaret. The Singer Building is 49 stories (612 feet) high.

Woolworth Building, Tallest in the World, Product of Five and Ten Cent Pieces, New York

The Metropolitan Tower, Madison Square and Twenty-third Street, New York

Its weight is estimated at nearly 20,000 tons. Still farther south, on Broadway, is the 38-storied Equitable Office Building, erected on the site of the old Equitable Building which was destroyed by fire in 1912. Over 15,000 persons have office space in the building whose cost, including the land, was nearly thirty millions of dollars.

At Wall and Nassau Streets the Bankers' Trust Company Building thrusts the

The Municipal Building

conical peak of its 39 stories just 540 feet above the sidewalk. At 60 Broadway stands a structure of one thousand and one offices, the Adams' Building, 32 stories. Adjacent to Battery Park at the southern tip of Manhattan Island are the Whitehall Buildings, on Battery Place, between West and Washington Streets. The first building of 20 stories cost a million dollars, while the second building, nearer the Hudson River, is 32 stories high and cost between four and five millions of dollars.

Another of the famous skyscrapers in New York is the Metropolitan Life Insurance Building at 1 Madison Avenue. It occupies the entire block between Twenty-third and Twenty-fourth Streets; its tower is 52 stories high, reaching 700 feet above the street. A unique feature of this building is the tower clock, whose chimes sound every 15 minutes during the hours of the day. By means of an additional contrivance, 15-minute periods are announced by flashes of light at night. The hands of the Metropolitan clock are 17 feet and 13 feet in length; the figures of the dial are 4 feet high.

The Hudson Terminal Buildings on Church Street, between Cortlandt and Fulton Streets, form the largest office building in the world, although they are not half as tall as several of the larger skyscrapers, being only 22 stories high. Nearly 20,000 Gothamites occupy the office space in the two buildings. The Liberty Tower Building, in

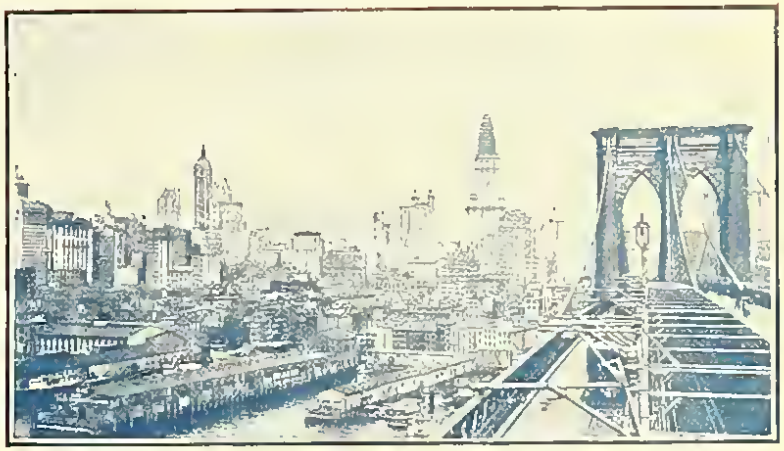
proportion to the ground space it occupies, has the largest office area of any building in New York.

These buildings, with the New Municipal Building of 34 stories, which stands on Park Row, facing the City Hall Park, are the structures which have made famous the saw-tooth sky line of New York City. There are many buildings of lesser height that would tower above those of other cities, but in New York their magnificence is obscured by the masterpieces of architecture and engineering which reach so much higher into the sky than they.

DWELLERS IN GOTHAM

IF THE traveler be of the observant type, he never tires of watching the endless streams of humanity passing in continuous review before him, as he stands on a down-town corner or sits on one of the green-painted benches in a down-town park in Gotham.

Including their children, most of whom are American born, New York has more

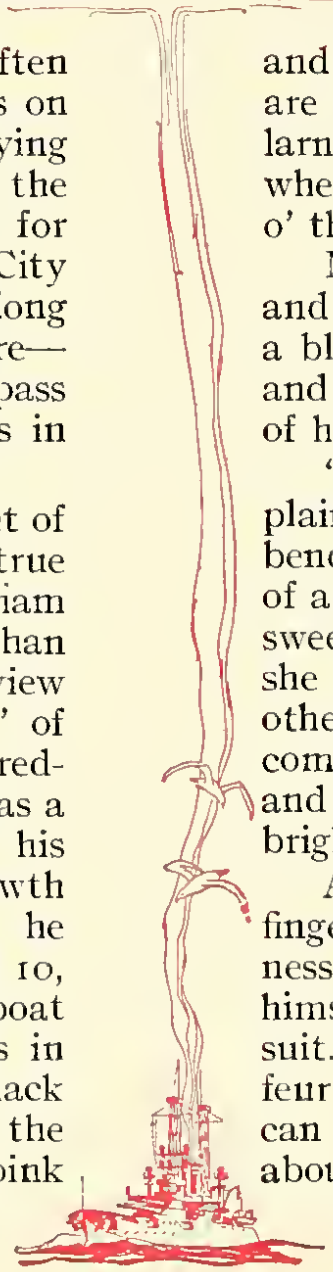


New York City from Brooklyn Bridge

Italians than Rome; more Irish than Dublin; more Germans than either Frankfort on the Main or Leipzig, and more Russians than any two large cities in Russia. In New York there are English, French, Spaniards, Mexicans, Chinese, Japanese, Turks, Syrians, Armenians, South Americans, Central Americans, Arabs, Indians, Hindoos, Belgians, Swedes, Danes, Norwegians, Poles, Greeks, Bulgarians, Serbians, Austrians, and others—representatives of every civilized race on the face of the earth. They betray their nationalities by their appearance and dress, do these children of many races in the Metropolis of the American Republic. When

they think themselves unobserved they often write their thoughts, desires, and hopes on their faces, and he who reads is studying in a university of human nature. For the pleasure and education in it, let us sit for a half hour or so on a slatted bench in City Hall Park, or in one of the squares along lower Broadway—it hardly matters where—the same medley of races will obligingly pass in review for us in one park as well as in another.

In a crowd of people, just as in a fleet of ships, the unusual attracts; the same is true of people. And in this review of a Gotham throng only the unusual will draw more than passing attention. So, now for the review of the "ships" in the "sidewalk fleet" of New York City. The first to pass is a red-haired man in a shiny black suit. He has a shrewd, wry look about his mouth, and his jowls are bristling with a two days' growth of beard. His blue eyes twinkle as he glances at the slip of a gray-eyed girl of 10, who clings to his arm as closely as a tugboat nosing the side of a liner. The girl is in gingham and shabby shoes. She is black haired and has a trail of freckles over the bridge of her nose. Her complexion is pink and white. A good venture is that the pair are straight from Dublin—or Cork—or Killarney. And the guess is almost confirmed when the man whistles a bar of "The Wearin' o' the Green."



Next comes a man with face burned red, and a walk like the roll of a ship. He wears a blue uniform with bell-bottomed trousers and a little white hat perched aft of the top of his head. Does he need identifying?

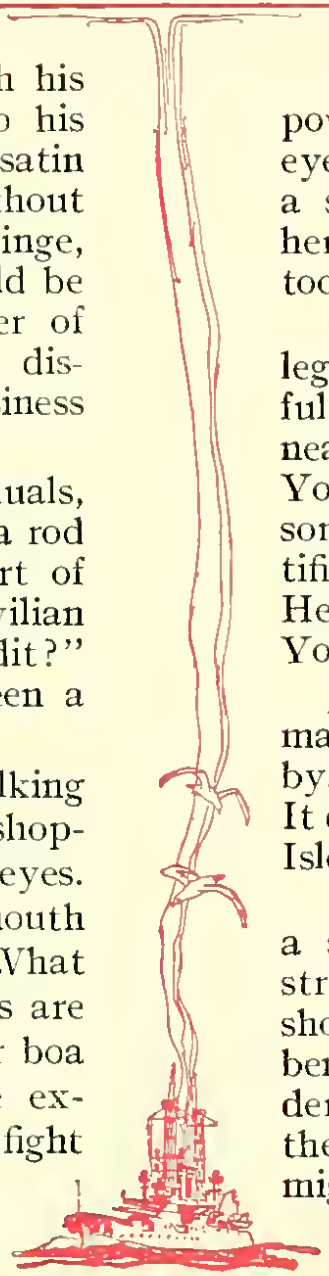
"Flowers! Flowers!! Flowers!!!" A plaintive cry from a tiny old woman, who bends a little to one side under the weight of a basket of roses, violets, carnations, and sweet peas. "Flowers, sir?" "No." And she walks on, dragging one foot after the other with apparent effort. By her olive complexion and her accent, she is Italian and probably her heart is weary for the bright blue skies of her native land.

A well-fed man with plump manicured fingers, and a certain air of brusque decisiveness, hails a passing taxicab. As he seats himself he straightens his neatly tailored suit. "Wall Street," he says to the chauffeur. Perhaps he is a broker, but you never can tell. His type is so numerous hereabouts.

A man in a black cotton suit, with his shirt tails out and hanging almost to his knees, goes paddling along in black satin shoes with felt soles. We know without looking at his face that it has a yellow tinge, that his eyes are oblique, that he would be talking in a sing-song voice if another of his race were with him. It's quite a distance to Chinatown—he must have business down town.

Two excitable, gesturing individuals, with snapping black eyes, walk along, a rod behind the Chinaman. They are short of stature, rather stockily built, and in civilian attire. "Que vous de ce qu'il nous a dit?" (It's been quite awhile since we've seen a Frenchman out of uniform.)

A sailor, a marine, and a soldier walking together, an unusual sight. Then a shop-girl with faded stringy hair and tired eyes. But she has character in the set of her mouth and in the way she carries her chin. What does it matter if the high French heels are sadly lopsided and the scraggly feather boa around her neck dilapidated; by the expression on her face, she is fighting her fight gamely and bravely.



Then a painted woman, with a mask of powder on her face and a brazen stare. Her eyes are hard and bright, and she walks with a slouching swagger. Perhaps the red in her face isn't all paint; she is flushed a bit, too. Wonder if she is hungry.

A smiling Filipino, and a sturdy, short-legged Japanese. Then one of that wonderful race, whose representatives make up nearly a fourth of the population of New York—a Jew. Next comes a brown-faced, sombre Hindoo in American clothing, identified by his turban of snow-white linen. He is a curiosity, even in sophisticated New York, and people turn to stare at him.

Then a blond, red-cheeked, blue-eyed man with square shoulders comes striding by. He carries a cane—pardon—a stick. It doesn't take long to list him. The British Isles aren't so far away, at that.

A slender man in a suit of dazzling checks, a silk shirt of orange, brown, and green stripes, a brown derby, and patent leather shoes with fancy tops, saunters to a near-by bench, and proceeds to recline on his shoulder blades. He smoothes his mustache with the handle of his Malacca cane, and yawns mightily. What occupation? None.

Lower New York

Next to him sits a forlorn youth, apparently quite lonesome. He stares straight ahead with unseeing eyes. He wears no collar, and his blue serge suit is threadbare. His large muscular hands—like those of Lincoln—rest clenched on his knees. He is tanned, but he is not a seafaring man. By the looks of his hands, he must have handled an axe or guided a plow not so long ago. He was foolish to leave the old farm. Perhaps he is thinking of going back.

Two smartly tailored women, with trim silken ankles, pass by, laughing. They look neither to right nor left. They'll be on Fifth Avenue before many minutes. A chorus girl with bleached hair, a pug nosed Pekingese waddling along at her heels, flounces down on a bench across the way. Disregarding passers-by, she kicks off a Cinderella-sized slipper. With a grimace of pain and annoyance, she bends over and holds the foot in both hands. "Gee," she says to the Pekingese, "I thought these shoes would be too large for me; and, now I can't take 'em back." The Pekingese pants a bit, lolling out his tongue in sympathy.

A swarthy Mexican, with brown eyes, and a "bit of the devil" in them, flashes a white-toothed smile at the chorus girl. She sniffs, puts on her shoe, turns her back and walks toward Broadway, the Pekingese ambling after. Comes strolling an erect, gray-haired man, with a closely clipped mustache and a prosperous air about him, engrossed in his own thoughts—a business man probably.

We might go on, forever, analyzing this parade of dwellers in Gotham; but there are other sights and places to visit—the

Bowery, for example, and Chinatown, Broadway, the water front, the theaters, Coney Island, the bathing beaches, Greenwich Village, Central Park, and other local institutions. So we leave our comfortable park bench and proceed to further enjoy ourselves in this most cosmopolitan of all cities.

RIVERS AND BRIDGES

ANHATTAN is bounded and invaded by a number of rivers and creeks, all of which empty into the Atlantic Ocean by way of New York Bay or Long Island Sound. The Hudson River, on the west, and the East River are the most important; for if it were not for the lower stretches of the two rivers, New York could never have attained the position among the ports of the world to which it has arrived in the last century. But the rivers, although a blessing in one way, are a curse in another; they have to be crossed.

Persistent New Yorkers have found two ways to go about their business in Brooklyn and Jersey without riding on the ferryboats.

Brooklyn Bridge, New York Side

They have built bridges over the rivers, and bored tunnels under them; and although the tunnels and bridges are somewhat crowded during the rush hours, New Yorkers profess to be content with even a half-way victory over the Hudson and East Rivers. The

From Flatiron Building—Northeast, past Madison Square to Queensboro Bridge (Right)

Harlem River, which separates Manhattan Island from The Bronx, has also caused some annoyance, but the ten bridges spanning it have solved the problem. The Bronx River, which flows into the East River from beyond the city limits, near Van Cortlandt Park, Woodlawn Cemetery, and Bronx Park, has been spanned by a number of bridges.

Best known of the bridges of New York is the Brooklyn Bridge, a twenty-one-million-dollar structure, connecting Manhattan Island with Brooklyn by way of Park Row and Sands Street. It was begun in 1870; opened to traffic 13 years later. It is 6,537 feet long, 85 feet wide, and 135 feet above the water at the center of the span. Its towers are 278 feet above water level. The bridge is a mile and a quarter long. Its approach is near the Municipal Building, in City Hall Park. During rush hours traffic is invariably congested in the surrounding streets and avenues, for everyone seems to want to cross the bridge at the same moment. Brooklyn Bridge can best be viewed from the top of the World Building. If the air is clear, the observer can see Battery Park, a mile to the south, Brooklyn across the river, and up Manhattan Island, which extends northward for a distance of 15 miles.

Manhattan Bridge, the world's greatest suspension bridge, reaches from the Bowery at Canal Street to Flatbush Avenue in

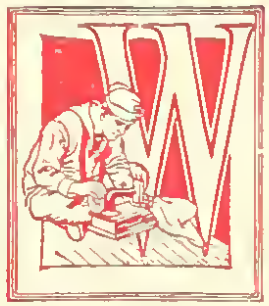
Brooklyn. Constructed in the eight years from 1901 to 1909, its cost amounted to over $13,000,000. The four cables, swinging from two 336-foot towers to support the weight of the double decks, weigh nearly 7,000 tons. The bridge is 8,655 feet long, over 120 feet wide. The towers rest on piles of masonry which meet bedrock nearly 100 feet below the water level.

Williamsburg Bridge, begun in 1896 and completed in 1903, cost the city of New York nearly $25,000,000, but has saved the people many times that amount. Its length is 7,200 feet; its width, 118 feet; the height of the towers, 335 feet. The center of the bridge is 125 feet above the water line. Four trolley and two elevated tracks, two walks for pedestrians, and two roadways for automobiles and teams are open to traffic between Broadway, Brooklyn, and Delancey Street, Manhattan.

Queensboro Bridge at East Fifty-ninth Street in Manhattan, spans the East River, leaps over Blackwell's Island, and ends in Long Island City. It is a cantilever structure nearly a mile and a half long. Blackwell's Island, which furnishes support for two piers of the Queensboro Bridge, houses the Metropolitan Hospital, the penitentiary, and the workhouse.

Brooklyn, Manhattan, Williamsburg, and Queensboro Bridges cost the city of New York over $100,000,000. They have a total length of nearly 6 miles and are crossed by nearly a million people a day. Still they are inadequate to the needs of lusty, thriving, growing New York. Among the other bridges, Hell Gate Bridge is one of the best known. It consists of a single steel arch, 1,000 feet in length—the longest in the world.

ALONG FIFTH AVENUE



WASHINGTON Arch, a memorial commemorating the inauguration of George Washington as the first President of the United States in New York, 1779, marks the beginning of Fifth Avenue, which runs from Fourth Street for a distance of several miles, touching Central Park, bisecting Mount Morris Park and ending in the northern part of Manhattan at Harlem River. The lower sections of Fifth Avenue have

Forty-second Street from Fifth Avenue, Bush Terminal and Times Building in Background

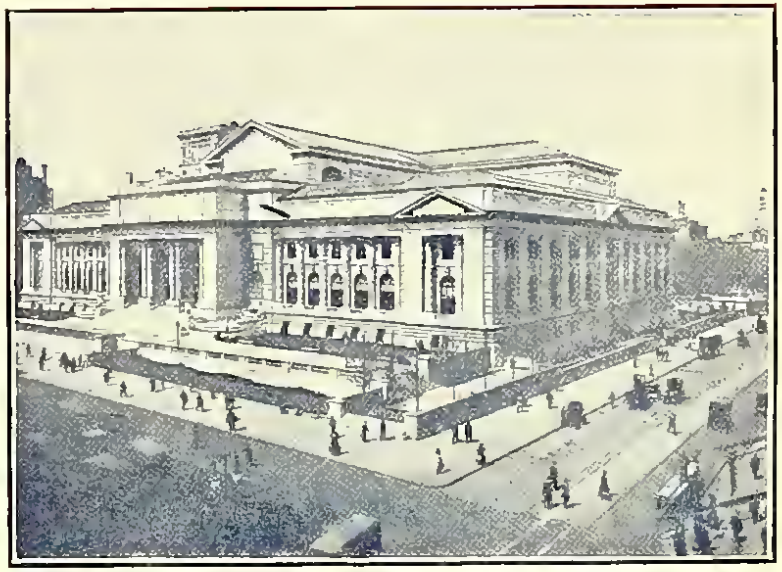
been transformed, in the space of a few short years, from a residential district occupied by solidly respectable houses, with brownstone fronts, to the most fashionable shopping district of New York, and, therefore, the most fashionable shopping district of the world.

A majority of the buildings on Fifth Avenue are not tall compared to the sky-scrapers near by. If they are tall, they seem to be discreet about it, and polite and unobtrusive. They have something of the air of the footmen in livery, who help their mistresses in silks, Russian sables, and lorgnettes in and out of their 12-cylinder limousines on their way to visit the Fifth Avenue shops. In the shops, soft-spoken, neatly-dressed clerks coil hundred-thousand-dollar pearl necklaces on velvet cloths for inspection and sale. On Fifth Avenue, gowns and hats from Paris, or possibly from the East Side, are properly appreciated and disposed of with ease, even though each is marked with a price which would take away the breath of anyone except a millionairess.

Fifth Avenue has—polish. Even the traffic policemen have a genteel air about them, strangely different from the brusque

manner of the policemen down in the Bowery, or even on Broadway. Their uniforms seem to be tailored; their manner metropolitan; the movement of their hands as they direct traffic nonchalant. It's in the air on Fifth Avenue—this polish. And we dare say that if we were to spend a great deal of our time there for a week or two, we would acquire some of it.

Probably the most popular specialty shop district in New York extends from Thirtieth Street to Fifty-ninth Street on Fifth Avenue. Here the jewelry, lingerie, lace, millinery, perfume, and stationery shops reign supreme. Trucks and wagons may not turn a wheel on the smooth asphalt pavement of this district, lest they enact the rôle of monkey wrenches in the smoothly-running machinery of traffic. And, are there surface and elevated lines on Fifth Avenue? Oh, perish the thought! Adjoining the specialty shop district around Fifty-third Street and Fifth Avenue, is one of the most aristocratic residential sections of the city. George W. Vanderbilt pays taxes on the double brownstone mansions just above Fifty-third Street on the west side of the avenue. Cornelius Vanderbilt's home (built on the French chateau style) a few blocks beyond has been recently sold for commercial purposes. On the east side of Fifth Avenue is Millionaire's Row. Scores of American men of wealth own homes in this district. There is an air of quiet dignity about the mansions on Millionaire's Row—in decided contrast with the bustling, hurried atmosphere of the business sections just a few blocks away.



Public Library, Forty-second Street and Fifth Avenue, New York

By all means, the stranger should ride on a Fifth Avenue 'bus. He can hardly

From Empire Building—North, past Trinity Steeple, up Broadway, New York

claim to have seen New York unless he climbs by the spiral stairway to the "upper deck" of one of these land ships and rides in state along the avenue. The 'bus routes run from Washington Square, and for a reasonable fare, the passenger can ride past Central Park, across the city west to the Hudson River, returning by way of Riverside Drive. The Fifth Avenue 'bus is as much of an institution in New York as the sedan chair in Canton or Hongkong, the gondola in Venice, the jinrikisha in Japan, the "seagoing" hack in Washington, the elephant in Ceylon, or the camel in the Sahara Desert. It is part of the local color and, as such, should be patronized by the visitor.

BROADWAY AT NIGHT

NEW YORKERS are deeply in debt to one of their thoroughfares—Broadway. Broadway has done more to make Gotham famous than any other of its institutions—more even than Fifth Avenue, Coney Island, the skyscrapers, or Central Park. The down town portion of Broadway has two names. In the daytime it is just Broadway; at night it shines under an alias, or rather a nom de plume—it is the Great White Way.

When the gods throw open the furnace doors of the sun and permit light and heat to flood our side of the earth, Broadway is much like other down town thoroughfares in New York City. It is not until the evening hours that it comes into its own; and then, until the wee sma' hours of the morning, when the milkman's cart clatters over the cobblestones of the East Side, Broadway swims in a sea of artificial light. Gigantic signs flash and flicker—they spell, draw, and act. Now, Paris may boast of her boulevards; Monte Carlo may tell of her pavilions where men with flushed faces watch the ivory ball as it spins on the roulette wheel; California may talk "climate"; and Japan may discuss chrysanthemums and purple azaleas; but we Americans prefer Broadway. That is, most of us do. The Great White Way has reached that stage of fame where it belongs not only to New York, but to the American people.

Broadway begins at Bowling Green and runs north to Yonkers, a distance of 19 miles. Lower Broadway runs straight to Eighth Street—in front of Wanamaker's department store—where there is a turn in it; then it becomes upper Broadway. It

Farragut Statue, Madison Square, New York

passes Madison Square at Twenty-third and Twenty-fourth Streets, barely misses clipping a corner from Central Park at Columbus Circle, fraternizes for a few blocks with Riverside Drive, passes Columbia University, glimpses the Hudson River, slips quietly through Trinity Cemetery, invades Washington Heights, and curves and curls around the northern portion of Manhattan Island. Undaunted by the Harlem River and Spuyten Duyvil Creek, Broadway crosses them on a bridge bearing its own

Flatiron Building, Looking South, New York

name. It skirts Van Cortlandt Park and ventures beyond the city limits of New York and to Tarrytown, where it stops—seemingly weary after its long journey from Bowling Green.

Broadway is rather a versatile thoroughfare. In its lower reaches it is more or less trim and business-like. When it becomes at night the Great White Way from Times Square to Columbus Circle, Broadway is on amusement bent. Along Riverside Drive Broadway becomes more dignified—is positively intellectual in appearance at Columbia University; near the Convent of the Sacred Heart it has a very respectful and solicitous air. Upon entering Trinity Cemetery, Broadway so changes its appearance that the stranger would never know it is the same street which, at the same moment, figuratively speaking, is kicking up its heels in the theatrical district eight or ten miles below. At the Harlem River, Broadway seems to be more or less nervous and apprehensive—appears to be picking up its skirts as it crosses the river, for all the world like an old lady stepping over a mud puddle. Up by Van Cortlandt Park, Broadway is in harmony with the pastoral and woodland scenes along its route. Beyond the city limits, near Yonkers, Broadway is positively rural. Without a doubt, Broadway may be regarded as being one of the most versatile thoroughfares in the world.

The best time to begin a visit to Broadway is in the late afternoon, when the after-office-hour crowd have melted, and the dusky fringes of twilight are just beginning to penetrate the city. The never-ending flow of traffic is still flooding the streets and avenues; but the perennial throngs of strollers-on-Broadway-at-night are still at their dinners, and the streets are just comfortably filled with people. It is the quiet hour before New York flocks to its most famous thoroughfare for an evening of pleasure, and, possibly, forgetfulness of the day's troubles.

The twilight grows; lights flash in stores and office buildings; the shadows of night flow into the canyon which is Broadway. Automobile headlights flare and fade as dimmers are put off and on. There are long strings of red lights down Broadway—tall lights of automobiles as they creep along in the throes of a traffic jam. Lights at the traffic policemen's stations are alternately red and green. Shadowy forms of men and women constantly appear and disappear like ships in the fog. The murmur of traffic is everywhere mingled with the hum of voices.

Lower New York from the Air

Broadway, by the middle of the evening, is again filled with its streams of humanity. People jostle each other, but none of them seems to mind it. The more agile skip spryly aside as the stolid or determined bear down upon them. One impulse seems to govern the evening crowds on Broadway—"Keep going!" If an individual does not desire to "keep going," he must edge out of the human stream

and take refuge in store, theater, or automobile, else he will be carried along by the crowds which, like time and tide, wait for no man—unless he be a traffic policeman.

And then, at the stated hour, Broadway from Times Square to Columbus Circle abandons its daytime name. It becomes the Great White Way. More lights, it seems, than in all the rest of the world flash on and off, among them all the colors of the rainbow. One sign, with fifteen or twenty thousand lights, extols the merits of a certain brand of cigarette. Another advertises the popularity of a widely-known make of automobile tire. A third portrays the countenance of a famous actress. Still others flash the names of internationally-known theaters and shows. Another, in letters several feet high, patiently repeats the name of a popular breakfast food.

Americans, although they think highly of the Great White Way, usually take it for granted; but visitors from other countries often find it difficult to see the need for such a lavish display of light. A story often told on Broadway illustrates their attitude: A New Yorker entertaining an Englishman took his guest down on the Great White Way. "That sign," said the New Yorker, pointing to a particularly dazzling group of lights, "is the largest in the world. I expect there must be two hundred thousand electric light bulbs in it." The Englishman gazed at the sign a moment, then exclaimed, "But my dear man, don't you think it's frightfully conspicuous?"

From early in the evening until early in the morning, the Broadway trail is marked by its blaze of lights. The crowds grow as midnight approaches; men and women stroll up and down the Great White Way, apparently ignoring the electric display, but actually basking in its splendor. They feel at home. They are in their element. The theaters receive their audiences and release them again after two or three hours of make-believe. The tide of humanity ebbs and flows. There is song and laughter, and perhaps a few tears. The Great White Way is strongly in favor of the first two, but intolerant of the latter; for there is a time to laugh and a time to weep, and Broadway at night is no place for bothersome troubles and sorrows. Folks are there to enjoy themselves, and they do, even if their enjoyment is a bit artificial at times.

Two hours or so after midnight, when the crowds have thinned and only the incurable habitues of the Great White Way and visitors from out-of-town who can not seem to see enough of it are left to walk or ride on the thoroughfare, the lights begin to fade; and, before the coming of the dawn, Broadway is nearly deserted. The chill of morning is in the air; a subway train going along under foot rouses the echoes. A policeman yawns and very probably thinks of the cup of hot coffee he will drink before turning in. A taxicab dashes up the street, the driver keeping an eye out for passengers. A trio of men in top hats and evening clothes, eyes heavy with lack of sleep, stand on the corner gazing at the lines of gray store fronts on either side. Comes the sound of a steamboat whistle, its soft tones softened by distance. And, as a finger of crimson light shoots over the buildings, announcing the nearness of dawn, the Great White Way drops its nocturnal name, and becomes again just—Broadway.

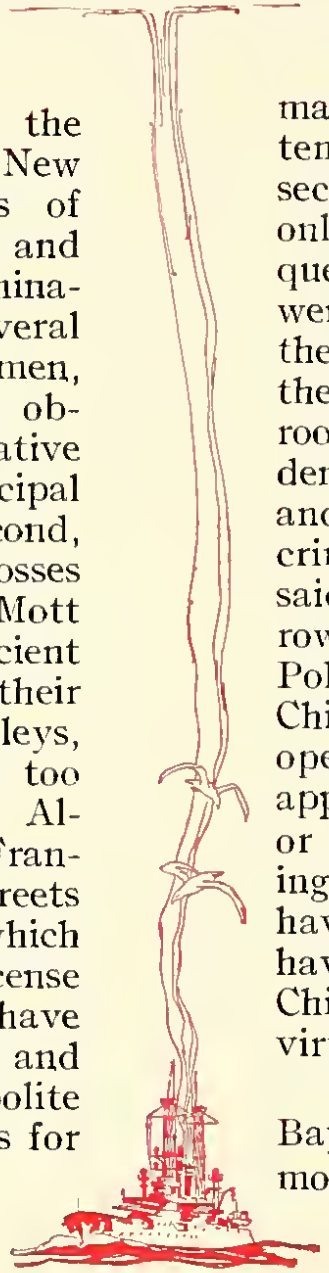
Besides being the theatrical center of New York, Broadway is also the subway center of the city. Under the Times Building is a subway station from which

Museum of Natural History, New York

the traveler can reach any station in the extensive dual subway system either in the uptown or down-town districts, in Manhattan, Brooklyn, The Bronx, or Queens. A majority of the sight-seeing cars start from Broadway also. Day and evening cars visit the principal places of interest in Manhattan, and also go to Coney Island—a 15-mile trip. In addition to pointing out the sights, the megaphone wielders on the sight-seeing cars pour supposedly humorous remarks into the ears of their audience.

A CHINESE FANTASY

OST picturesque of all the many districts in New York, where natives of other lands take root and live their lives, is Chinatown, the abode of several hundreds of yellow men, most of whom still observe the traditional customs of their native country. Mott Street is the principal thoroughfare of Chinatown. The second, and only other, is Pell Street, which crosses Mott Street near Chatham Square. Mott and Pell Streets together furnish sufficient attractions to make a half-a-day in their joss houses, mission house, crooked alleys, and characteristic eating places, all too short for the visitor's satisfaction. Although not as picturesque as San Francisco's Chinatown, Mott and Pell Streets have the true oriental atmosphere, which includes squalor and the odors of incense and decaying vegetables. The Chinese have become fully accustomed to tourists, and their manner toward visitors is polite enough, while charging generous prices for their curios.



Years ago, when the sight of a policeman's uniform inspired not fear but contempt in the hearts of the denizen's of this section, a visit to Chinatown was welcomed only by the adventurous. There were frequent wars between tongs; hatchet men were in the habit of burying the edges of their murderous weapons in the brains of their tong foes; there were gun fights on the roofs of Chinatown; opium and gambling dens were in the heydey of their prosperity; and stories were whispered of unbelievable crimes in the secret tunnels which were said to run underground like rabbit burrows. But times have changed since then. Policemen are looked upon with respect in Chinatown; the tongs get along without open warfare; the hatchet man has disappeared; guns bark occasionally in Mott or Pell Street, but not with such disturbing regularity as before; the opium dens have vanished, and the secret tunnels have been filled in or opened for tourists. Chinatown has reformed and is now fairly virtuous.

The joss house on Mott Street between Bayard and Chatham Square remains the most typically oriental spot in Chinatown.

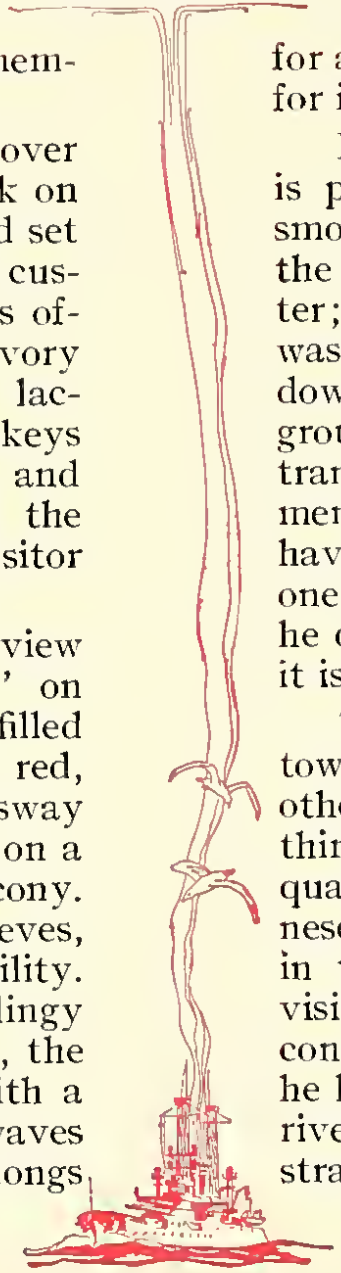
As the visitor climbs the wooden steps to the second floor of the building which contains the joss house, he is greeted by a jumble of whining music, produced from strangely fashioned instruments in the yellow talons of almond-eyed individuals who peer at him from behind half-closed doors. "Oh–oh–ah–ah–e–e–e–e–oh–ah–oh–e–e–e–e–e"—and it develops that the Chinese band is singing and playing for the benefit of the stranger or party of strangers ascending the rickety steps. With the singsong voices ringing in his ears, the visitor follows the guide, who halts in front of a door splashed with soiled paint and impressively announces that, "Now we are about to enter the fa–a–a–mous joss house of New York's Chinatown." His information is hardly needed if one's sense of smell is in working order, for the cracks around the door—and around the keyhole—furnish orifices through which thin acrid clouds of incense smoke seep into the hall. A suave Chinaman in black cotton shirt and trousers and velvet slippers welcomes the visitor at the door, waving him blandly into the place of worship. The room is lighted only by a few small windows and a flickering candle. Tiny points of red prove to be the burning sticks of incense, the heavy odor of which is almost overpowering—nauseating. In a niche back of the altar sits a fat, gilded Confucius with drooping eyelids. His face is almost a counterpart of that of the keeper of the joss house. In front of the god are dishes containing sacrificial food.

A few red prayer papers are scattered around the room, and a box of prayer sticks stand on the altar. The gilded altar is an amazingly intricate piece of workmanship. Only a patient Chinaman could keep at work until he had completed the carvings that adorn it. The guide states impressively that two generations of a Chinese family devoted their lives to making the altar—and adds that a New York millionaire offered a small fortune for it, but that his offer was refused. In the room below the Chinese orchestra still crashes out its weird, uncanny music, and through the windows which open on a balcony drifts the mystic murmur of singsong voices. A bulletin board on the wall, between dusty red hangings, is plastered over with long strips of red paper inscribed with Chinese characters. The guide explains that they are placed

there out of respect to the deceased members of the Chinese colony.

The Chinaman in charge shuffles over the bare floor, with a world-weary look on his saffron face, to open a glass case and set out curios for sale. The prospective customer proceeds to examine the articles offered him for sale. There are carved ivory images of Confucius, Chinese "cash," lacquered boxes, paper fans, small monkeys modeled in clay, ebony chop sticks, and other Chinese curios. The keeper of the joss house whispers their price. The visitor falls back aghast, but usually buys.

From the balcony the spectator can view short stretches of "Singsong Street" on either side of him. Area ways are filled with banners written over with gold, red, and black characters. Paper lanterns sway in the breeze which rustles the leaves on a row of dwarfed trees in pots on the balcony. Several Chinamen, with hands in sleeves, glide along the street with amazing agility. A door slams in one of the drab, dingy buildings across the way. In summer, the hot sun beats down on Chinatown with a cruel, remorseless persistence; heat waves dance on the tar roofs. The visitor longs for a drink of cold water as he never longed for it before.



In the Chinatown mission the stranger is permitted to sit on the benches worn smooth as polished glass. He is told that the mission at one time was a Chinese theater; but that the police closed it, until it was taken over by the mission. He walks down a winding stairway into an underground tunnel with secret exits and entrances. He is shown a dark corridor where members of hostile tongs are reputed to have met and sent the humming death at one another. At last reaching the street, he decides that the sun looks good, even if it is so confoundedly warm.

The most popular restaurant in Chinatown is the Port Arthur; but there are others where the stranger can absorb something of the Chinese atmosphere and acquaint himself with the most peculiar Chinese odors. They seem to be everywhere in the streets, these tenacious odors; the visitor can smell them a week after he has concluded his visit in Chinatown. When he leaves this bit of Orient behind and arrives on the neighboring Bowery, the stranger feels that he has been traveling in

a strange country for many months; he finds it difficult to believe that he has not been a-dreaming. Now, the Bowery isn't ideal, by any means, and the trains make a bothersome roar overhead; but, still it is American, and the sight-seer is content. He has returned to his own people.

A VIRTUOUS BOWERY

THE Bowery also has reformed in recent years. We have the word of the New York police department for it, and the word of numerous writers. Also the verbal affidavits of many old-time residents of the district, who bemoan the passing of the "good old days." When New York was first settled, the East Side district now occupied by the Bowery was apportioned as farm lands or "bouweries" among the Dutch farmers who emigrated to the settlement. "Bouwerie" became Bowery Lane, then the Boston Post Road, and later the Bowery. It extends from Chatham Square, north to Cooper Union, where Third and Fourth Avenues diverge. In former years it was an abode of saloons, shooting galleries, concert gardens, dives, dime museums, questionable theaters, and lodging houses; but now the Bowery has been turned into a strictly business district. Fifty years ago, the notorious "Bowery Boys," by a policy of terrorism, ruled their own district and portions of adjoining territory. They defied the police, ran local politics, and made an all-round nuisance of themselves. With the passing of the "Bowery Boys" the Bowery began to reform.

Park Row, where a majority of the metropolitan newspapers are published, is west and slightly south of the Bowery, bordering on City Hall Park, near the Brooklyn Bridge. Beyond the newspaper offices, in Printing House Square, stands a statue of Franklin. In front of the Tribune building is the bronze statue of Horace Greeley, one of the foremost of American journalists. In the vicinity of Division Street the visitor finds the so-called "Pushcart District," where enterprising merchants, most of them of foreign birth, sell their wares in street and alley. In this lower East Side the visitor gets a blurred impression of hot, dusty streets, and swarms of dirty children

Bowery, Looking North to Cooper Union

playing under the hoofs of patient horses. Frowsy women in kimonos lean over the fire escapes to exchange gossip with their neighbors across the way. There is a continual, never-ending roar of voices. Perspiring individuals in shirt sleeves rush in and out of doorways, shake their fists in each other's faces, slap their children with resounding smacks, light their cigarettes, snuff their tobacco, sit in their stocking feet on the front stoop, sniff the odor of corned beef and cabbage from the house across the way, go to the movies, exchange views on politics and prohibition, and, altogether, seem to live a happy, care free, irresponsible, and enviable sort of existence. The cost of living is fairly low in the East Side, and wages are good, so the people there find little cause for complaint. The East Side, even more congested than the Limehouse district in London, boasts of more population per block than any other district in the world, excepting perhaps some parts of China. Over 3,000 persons live in a single block at Forsyth and Christy Streets, and seem to experience little discomfort in doing so.

Out of the East Side come some of the most valued citizens of New York—financiers, scientists, writers, merchants. In the World War, the East Side proved that it

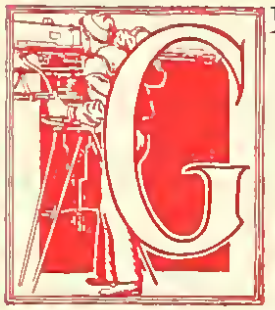
could and would send men as brave as any others to fight for their country. It sent thousands of them—sailors, marines, and soldiers. Many a Distinguished Service Cross went to men in American uniforms who claimed the Lower East Side as their homes. Many nationalities are represented in the overflowing districts of the East Side. There are numerous foreign quarters, which often overlap their old boundaries to mingle with the "quarters" of other races. For example, Park Row beyond Printing House Square and Baxter Street is occupied for the most part by Jewish merchants and their families. The Bowery proper is the home of tens of thousands of people of Polish and German descent. The market and Seward Park is the center of the Russian and Austrian Jewish quarter—the Ghetto. Mulberry Street is usually redolent with the odor of garlic and spaghetti. And there are other quarters, some large and some small, tenanted by Greeks, Syrians, Spaniards, and other people speaking languages not native to these United States of America.

Pushcart District in Italian Quarter

On the East Side the melting pot is boiling, trying all the raw material which comes its way, proving some to be pure gold and worthy of American citizenship, and casting some aside as dross and slag. In the hands

of these people rests much of the future welfare of the Nation, and they are obviously proving themselves worthy of the trust.

GREENWICH VILLAGE



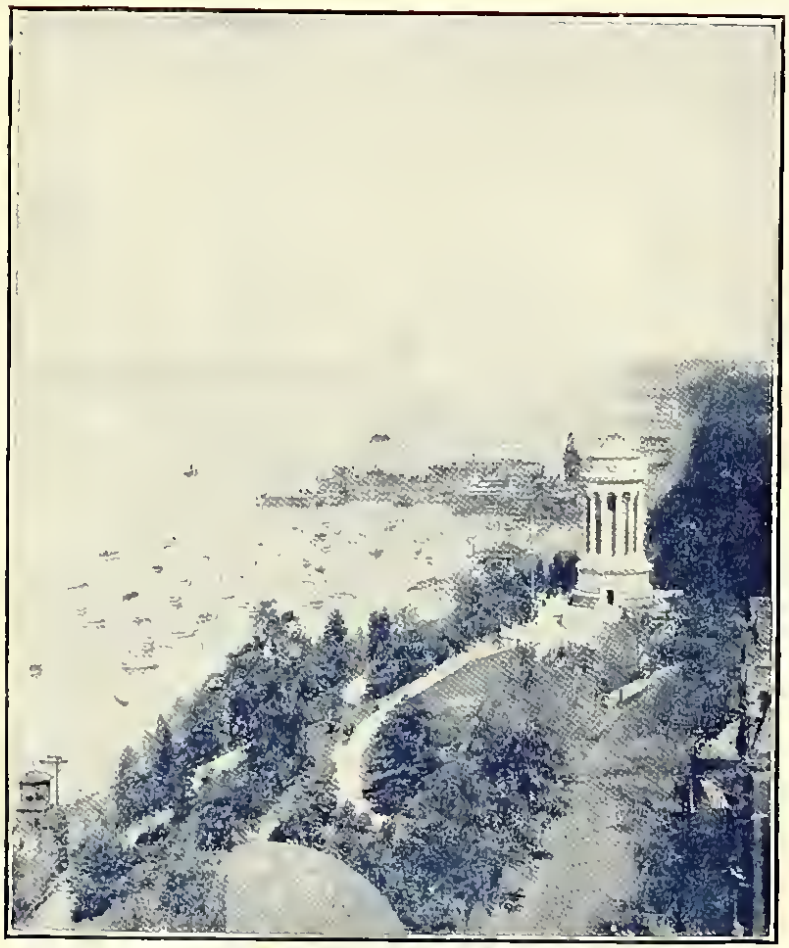
REENWICH Village centers at Sheridan Square, extends from Washington Square west to Hudson Street and from Fourth to Fourteenth Streets. It is the Latin Quarter — the Bohemia—of New York. In the course of the last few years Greenwich Village has acquired fame. It has its peculiarities just as Fifth Avenue or Chinatown or Harlem, and a study of these, and the villagers, is most interesting. The village has a picturesque quality of color and daring. It has been accused of being more or less eccentric, and the rendezvous of "intellectual nuts," just as Madison Square is said to be a gathering place for "political nuts." However, such accusation is not wholly warranted when directed at Greenwich Village, so the reader should not believe it. We are assured by dyed-in-the-wool villagers that Greenwich Village is as sane as Wall Street. "There may be individuals in Greenwich Village who may be classed as eccentrics, but that is not the village's fault; it just happened that way," they say.

Greenwich Village is a small community set down in the midst of tall buildings which tower above it on all sides. Many attempts have been made by New York business to encroach upon it; but most of the moves have been doomed to failure by the villagers, who cling desperately to their homes and ways of living. There are two classes of people in the village—the doers and the dreamers. The doers are professional folk—writers, musicians, playwrights, poets, and painters, for the most part. The dreamers are indolent persons of eccentric habits, who bob their hair, wear flowing ties, and spend most of their time in queer little resorts, whose names, oddly zoological, resemble the following: "The Sign of the Purple Frog," "The Lavender Cat," "The Pink Canary," "The Sign of the Green-eyed Cow," or "The Red Mouse Inn." Most of the gathering places of this sort are located in cellars, or garrets, where there is the proper amount of

darkness and dampness. The rooms are lighted by candles stuck in tallow-smeared bottles and old candlesticks. A short-haired girl in a Russian blouse smokes cigarettes and chatters of bolshevism, futurism, and free verse to the solemn individual with long hair who sits mutely across the way. If there is a piano it is usually shrieking with pain under the relentless pounding of a youth with dreamy, long-lashed eyes, and a habit of singing "Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt."

Very frequently the village is startled by the news that one of its dreamers has actually "made good" and is on the road to fame via the paint brush or inkwell. Then it is time for the dreamer's friends to celebrate, either with a visit to "The Sign of the Purple Frog," or to the Greenwich Village theater, where usually excellent plays are presented by the local talent of the village. However, most of the lasting fame acquired by Greenwich Village comes as a result of its association, in the public mind, with writers, poets, and artists, who live in the village "to work and not to play." O. Henry, for example, wrote a good many of his

New York Apartment House, One hundred and sixteenth Street and Riverside Drive



Warships and Pleasure Craft in Hudson River; Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument in Foreground

stories there, and other writers, poets, artists, and actors of genius lived, and others still live, in this American "Latin Quarter."

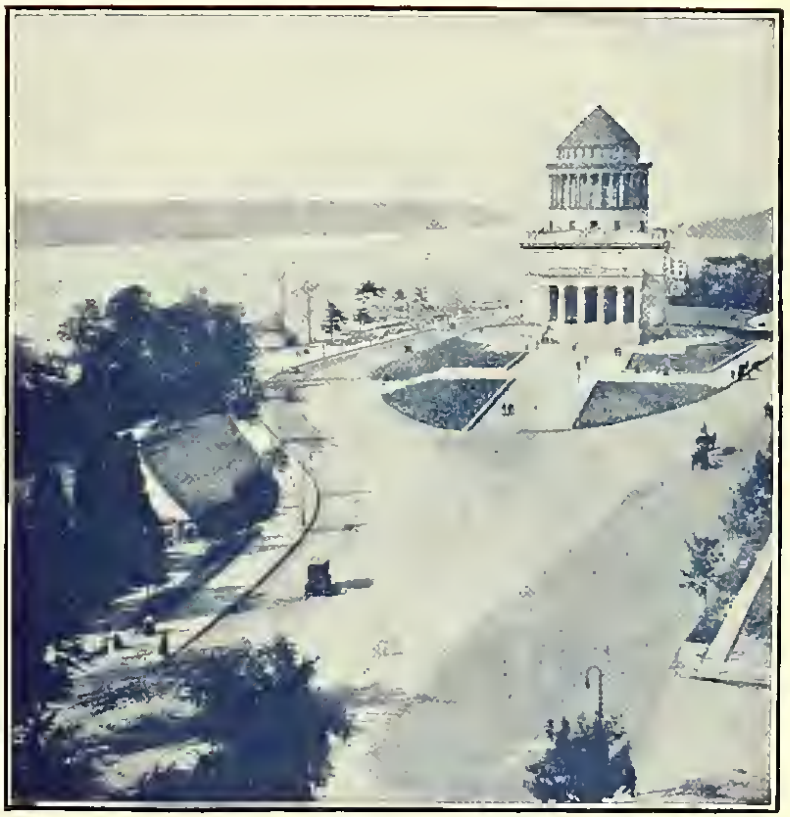
ON RIVERSIDE DRIVE

RIVERSIDE Drive, extending from Seventy-second Street to One hundred and twenty-seventh Street, in close communion with the hills bordering on the Hudson River, is one of the many promenades of New York. From the drive the visitor catches entrancing glimpses of the wide reaches of the Hudson to the west, and on the other side the miles of buildings, which mark one of the aristocratic residential sections of upper Manhattan. Both private residences and apartment houses line Riverside Drive for a distance of many blocks, one of the most prominent of the houses being the Schwab mansion, between Seventy-third and Seventy-fourth Streets. It is modeled after a French chateau of the sixteenth century and contains one of the largest organs in the United States.

On the bluff overshadowing the Hudson at Eighty-ninth Street, stands the Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument, erected in 1902, in honor of the sailors and soldiers who fought

for the preservation of the Union in the Civil War. The monument, built of white marble in the form of a great temple, has Corinthian columns with a frieze of American eagles. A replica of Houdon's statue of George Washington is in front of the monument. The original, which Washington himself is said to have seen and approved, is in the State capitol at Richmond, Virginia. An old colonial mansion, whose quiet beauty is in strange contrast to the modern buildings around it, sits at the corner of the drive and Ninety-ninth Street. At the intersection of One hundred and sixth Street there is a statue of Franz Sigel (of Civil-War fame), whose men considered it glory enough to be able to say "I fought mit Sigel." General Sigel was a German by birth and most of his troopers were "ex-Germans," who fled from Prussian oppression to wear the Union blue in fighting for the country of their adoption.

Grant's tomb, on Claremont Heights, overlooking the Hudson, is the most splendid memorial structure in the city. It is made of white granite, is 150 feet high, and furnishes a fitting tomb for the body of the Union general and ex-President of the United States. The tomb is in the form of a monument; the lower story in the Gothic style, surmounted by a cupola flanked by slender Ionic columns. A broad walk leads from the drive to the tomb and encircles it. Spacious steps rise from the walk to the



Grant's Tomb and Hudson River

Cathedral of St. John the Divine, St. Luke's Hospital, and Morningside Park

entrance, and passing under the huge pillars at the door of the tomb the visitor glimpses the quiet room where lies the body of the soldier and statesman. A red porphyry sarcophagus, containing Grant's body, rests in an open crypt under the dome. Beside it is a second sarcophagus, inclosing the body of the general's wife. Parts of the dome are decorated with reliefs portraying events in the life of Grant. Two rooms in the tomb are graced by faded battleflags carried by regiments under Grant's commands in the Civil War.

The tomb is more beautiful in the evening than in the day. Then the severe lines of the structure are softened by the dusky shadows of night; and, at intervals, the white granite surface of the tomb reflects the mild light of the moon, which also throws a silver rug of light across the waters of the Hudson River. Silence, brooding over the tomb, is broken only by the purring of automobile motors on the drive, the moaning of the wind through the trees at the water's edge, and the far-away keening of a steamboat whistle. What would Grant say if he could stand on Riverside Drive and view the tomb erected in his honor by the Nation? He'd probably button his long coat, gaze at the toes of his cowhide boots, brush the cigar ashes from his lapels, pull his slouch hat a bit lower over his eyes, and say: "I wonder what would have happened

if I had followed out that other plan in the siege of Vicksburg?"

Beyond Grant's tomb is the district of Manhattanville, which furnishes sites for a number of the older residences of Manhattan Island. Riverside Drive wanders on by Trinity Cemetery, Washington Heights, near Fort Washington Point and Fort Washington, and ends near the northern stretches of the island. Sight-seeing cars and busses on the uptown trip will take the visitor along Riverside Drive past Grant's Tomb, and, when the Atlantic Fleet is in the Hudson, will give him a splendid view of some of the great battleships of the American Navy at anchor in quiet waters.

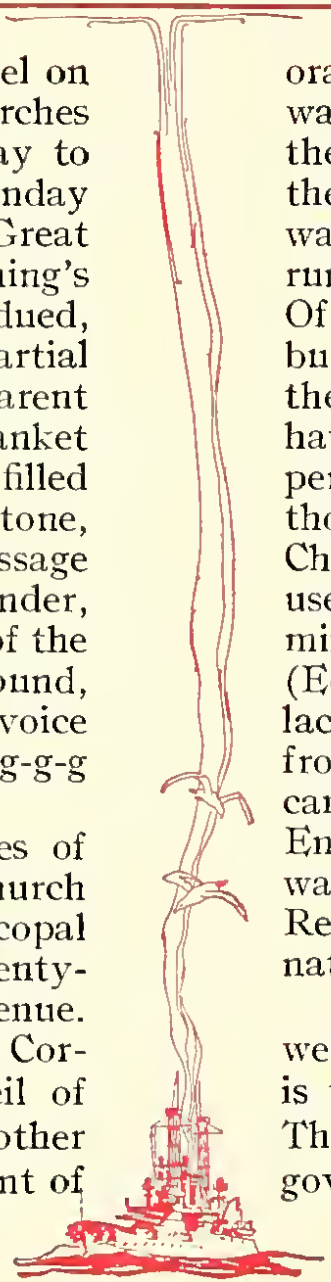
THE SOUND OF BELLS

EW YORK has its evils, just as any other city—or village, for that matter. But they exist in spite of, and not because of New York. "What is called New York's politics," says William Joseph Showalter in the National Geographic Magazine, "stories of graft and the like, are but the froth and foam which fleck the waves of the city's life, while beneath runs a deep current of progress and public spirit." Industry is one thing which commends New York; another is its splendid patriotism; and a third is its appreciation of art, while its many churches bespeak its faith and devoutness. In Manhattan and The Bronx there are between 800 and 900 churches—some of them small, quaint edifices snuggled in out-of-the-way streets; others are massive, dignified structures on the principal business and residential thoroughfares. Naples is famous the world over for its churches; but New York could furnish two sets of churches to Naples and have some left over. Rome is the heart of a world of religion; still its churches are few in number when compared to those of New York City. With the possible exception of London, there are more churches in Gotham than in any other city. Some of them are old and stained with years, others are new and have not yet acquired the dignity which comes with the lapse of years.

On Sunday morning, when certain persons in other cities are laboring under the delusion that the entire seven or eight millions of the people of New York are

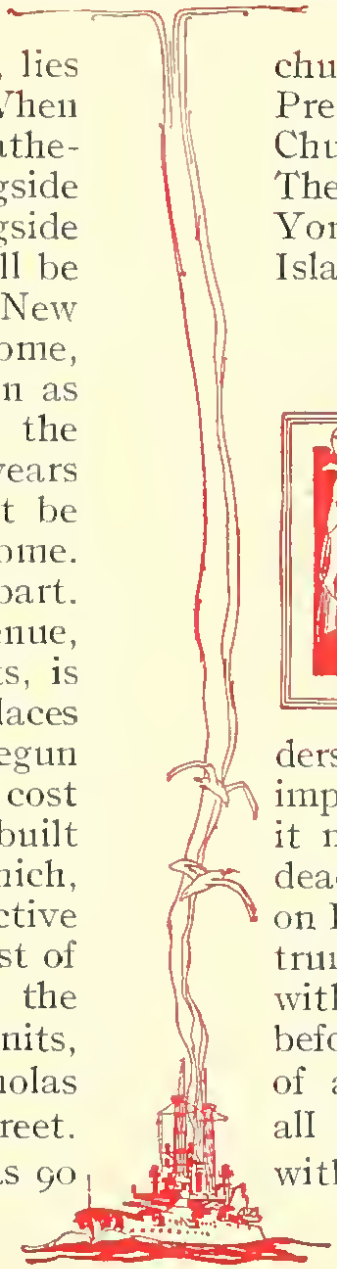
sleeping soundly after an all-night revel on Broadway, the streets near the churches are alive with worshipers on their way to divine services. Fifth Avenue on a Sunday morning is as interesting as the Great White Way at the height of its evening's triumphs. The roar of the city is subdued, although not entirely silenced; a partial sense of peace and quiet, never apparent during week days, lies like a white blanket over street and avenue. The air is filled with the sound of bells, some harsh in tone, others silvery; some peal out their message with a rumble akin to that of thunder, while others resemble the liquid notes of the flute. Some sing low, with a throaty sound, some in a thin reedy strain like the voice of an organ, and others clang-g-g, clang-g-g away with right good will.

The most renowned of the places of worship in New York is the "Little Church Around the Corner," actually the Episcopal Church of the Transfiguration, at Twenty-ninth Street, just east of Fifth Avenue. About the "Little Church Around the Corner" there is swathed a delicate veil of romance which sets it apart from other churches in New York. There the scent of orange blossoms mingles with the scent of wax white flowers, and the echoes ring with the lusty yells of pink-and-white babies as they protest the pouring of baptismal waters—there the gamut of life is run, and run again, in the space of a few short hours. Of course, the same is true of other churches; but weddings, christenings, and burials at the "Little Church Around the Corner" have a personality all their own. It comes perhaps from the church, and possibly from those who worship there. The name "Little Church Around the Corner" was originally used as a term of reproach, "because its minister read funeral rites even over actors." (Edwin Booth, Dion Boucicault, Lester Wallack, and other great actors were buried from the church.) Later the epithet became a title of distinction, just as the English term of derision, "Yankee Doodle," was adopted by the Colonial troops in the Revolution, and assumed a dignity its originators did not imply.



The Church of St. Marks-in-the-Bouwerie, at Second Avenue and Tenth Street, is the second oldest church in Manhattan. The body of Peter Stuyvesant, early Dutch governor of New Amsterdam, the story of

whose wooden leg is familiar to us all, lies beneath the foundation of St. Marks. When completed, the Protestant Episcopal Cathedral of St. John the Divine, on Morningside Heights, near the beginning of Morningside Park and not far from the Hudson, will be the most magnificent cathedral in the New World, ranking with St. Peter's at Rome, and the structures at Seville and Milan as one of the four largest cathedrals in the world. St. John's has been many years in the building and probably will not be entirely built for several decades to come. Services are now held in the completed part. St. Patrick's Cathedral, on Fifth Avenue, between Fiftieth and Fifty-first Streets, is one of the largest Roman Catholic places of worship in the country. It was begun in 1851 and completed in 1879 at a cost of two million dollars. The cathedral, built of white marble, has two spires, which, rising 332 feet in the air, lend an effective touch to its rare Gothic beauty. Oldest of the church societies in New York is the Dutch Reformed Church, with over 30 units, the best known of which is the St. Nicholas at Fifth Avenue and Forty-eighth Street. The Episcopal Church in New York has 90 churches, the Catholic Church 114, the Presbyterian Church 71, the Methodist Church 64, and the Baptist Church 50. There are also many synagogues in New York City, the majority being on Manhattan Island.



WHARVES AND SHIPS

IF ONLY the ghosts of ships that have sailed the waters of New York Harbor during the past 200 years and more could materialize and pass before us in silent review! The sight, no doubt, would surpass mortal understanding. It would be more solemn and impressive than anything imaginable, unless it might be a review of the armies of the dead, which are to spring from their graves on Resurrection Day at the blare of Gabriel's trumpet and march in mass formation, with shrouds a-flutter and bones creaking, before the Judgment Seat. In such a review of a ghostly fleet we would see ships of all descriptions: Fast-sailing clipper ships, with clouds of white canvas floating above

Statue of Liberty

the decks; British men-o'-war, with gun-ports opened, and the wraiths of sailors with tarry pigtails and varnished hats, running about the decks; three-decker American frigates, manned by specters of Boston, Gloucester, and Nantucket men; barks, brigs, schooners, brigantines, barkentines, innumerable merchant and trading vessels; whalers dripping oil at the scuppers; clumsy side-wheelers of the early fifties; iron-clad monitors with formidable rams and decks awash; and, finally, the battleships of modern navies, and the great passenger and merchant vessels of to-day. There would be thousands and tens of thousands of them—a mighty, ghostly fleet.

New York has nearly 600 miles of water front, and the harbor, one of the finest in the world, is larger than that of London or Liverpool; and what is more important it has comparatively little tide. Sailing into the lower bay from the Atlantic Ocean, ships sight Sandy Hook to the left. On the right is Rockaway Beach, and beyond the beach, Rockaway Inlet, which leads to Jamaica Bay, and a hodgepodge of bars and marshes. West of Rockaway Inlet is Coney Island, whose lighthouse stands on Norton Point. Across the lower bay from Coney Island is the Borough of Richmond. Proceeding north through The Narrows, flanked by Fort Hamilton, Brooklyn, on the starboard and Fort Wadsworth, Richmond, on the port the ship reaches the Upper Bay. Taking a course north and slightly east the ship nears Manhattan Island. West of Robbins Reef Light is Kill Van Kull, leading to Newark Bay. Southeast of the Battery is Bedloe's Island, from which rises the Statue of Liberty. On a clear day it can be seen from The Narrows, where warships usually stop for a time before proceeding up the bay.

Of course, the Statue of Liberty, or "Liberty Enlightening the World," needs no introduction here. It is as much of a national institution as the Liberty Bell, the National Capitol, the White House, the Washington Monument, or Independence Hall. Many Americans who sail to foreign countries find themselves, before they return, longing for a glimpse of the Statue of Liberty. It is a welcome sight to the home-hungry citizen. And every returning American with a drop of hot blood in his veins either cheers the gigantic lady or would like to. The statue, executed by Bartholdi, was presented to the United States by the French nation in commemoration of the hundredth anniversary of American Independence. It is the tallest figure in the world—152 feet to the end of the torch which Miss Liberty patiently holds aloft with her stout bronze arm. Visitors are permitted to go up in the statue as far as the diadem crowning the head, which, incidentally, can hold 40 people.

Governor's Island is east, and Ellis Island west of Bedloe's Island. It is Ellis Island which has served as a funnel through which millions of immigrants have poured on their way to the land of promise, since the island

Immigrant Station (Where Millions Enter America), Ellis Island, New York

was first set aside as a quarantine station. The New York Aquarium, on lower Manhattan Island and near the water front, is one of the most interesting of the places in this section. Built in 1807 for a fort, the Aquarium, in 1834, was remodeled into a

Battery Park, Aquarium, and Statue of Liberty

popular meeting place; in the same year it was the scene of the reception given to Lafayette during his second visit to the United States. Jenny Lind held her audience enthralled with the beauty of her voice at the Aquarium in 1847; and Kossuth was received there during his visit of 1851. Four years later, in 1855, the building became a receiving station for immigrants. In the seven years from 1885 to 1892 nearly seven million foreigners passed through the station, before the city obtained possession and turned it into an aquarium.

Bowling Green Park, where the early settlers played bowls, stands at the starting point of Broadway, near the Battery. A leaden statue of King George III, which posed in Bowling Green Park before the Revolution, was torn down by the patriots and molded into bullets, which were returned to King George's soldiers with a great deal of speed, thereby furnishing the details for a story that thrilled us all when we pored over our grammar school histories. At the Battery the visitor finds the fire boats, police patrol boats (which scour the harbor in search of criminals), the U. S. Barge Office, and the Customhouse. A splendid way to see New York is to board an elevated train at the Battery, taking either the east or west routes, and ride through the business and tenement districts of Manhattan.

Following the Hudson River north from the Battery are miles of wharves—on both the Manhattan and Jersey sides of the stream. Between Thirty-sixth and Thirty-ninth Streets the municipal government has begun construction of a number of large piers for great passenger ships and merchantmen. There is still room for scores and even hundreds of wharves along the Hudson River, and this room, or space, is held as a reserve for the time when the growth of the port increases the need for more berths. Farther north the river passes Riverside Park, Washington Heights, and the Ship Canal on the east, and the Palisades on the west. Farther up it passes Yonkers, Albany, Troy, and other cities, to its source, near Schenectady.

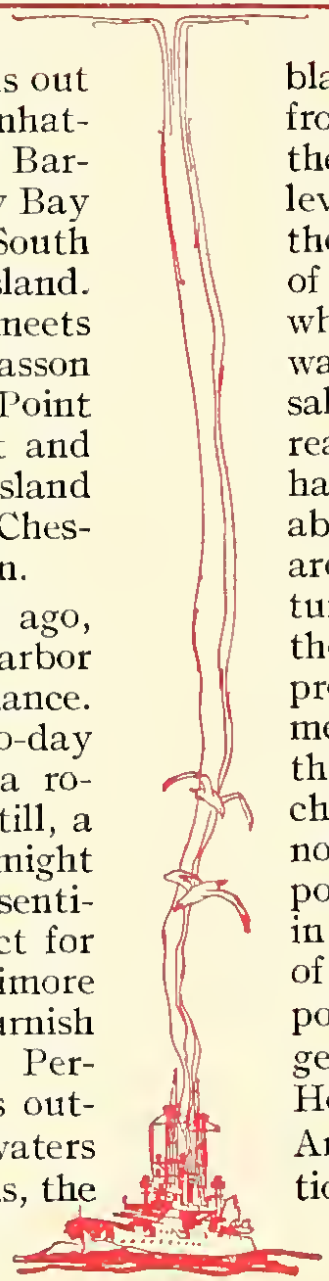
Following the East River from the Battery, and adjoining the bay just below the Battery, are additional miles of wharves, almost as numerous as those in the Hudson. Between the Manhattan and Williamsburg Bridges, near Williamsburg, are the Navy Yard and Hospital, adjoining Wallabout Channel. Beyond is the Queensboro Bridge, over Blackwell's Island. To the east is Long Island City. Park Lighthouse gleams at the upper point of Blackwell's Island.

Looking Northeast over the Curve of the Manhattan Elevated Railway at One hundred and tenth Street, New York.

Above the point where Harlem River and Hell Gate passage meet, is Ward's Island. Little Hell Gate, to the north of Ward's Island, separates it from Randall's Island and Sunken Meadow Lighthouse.

Above Hell Gate the East River spreads out to several times its width between Manhattan Island and Brooklyn. Between Barretto Point, in The Bronx, and Bowery Bay rises Rikers Island. North and South Brother Islands are west of Rikers Island. Farther northeast the East River meets Flushing Bay, and flows between Classon Point and College Point, Old Ferry Point and Whitestone Point, Willetts Point and Throgs Neck to the waters of Long Island Sound, including Pelham Bay and East Chester Bay near the Naval Training station.

Seventy-five or one hundred years ago, in the age of sailing craft, New York Harbor must have breathed a spirit of romance. Some people believe the same is true to-day—but that it is a different kind of a romance—a romance of another age. Still, a glimpse of New York Harbor to-day might not lead the stranger to spin romantic sentimentalities. It would not be a subject for the pen of a Sir Walter Scott or a Fenimore Cooper, though it could possibly furnish inspiration for a Homer or a Dante. Perhaps, after all, New York Harbor has outgrown romance. But the gray, oily waters of the bay, the hoarse voices of foghorns, the black and brown clouds of smoke arising from ships' funnels and from chimneys on the surrounding shores; the great ocean leviathans steaming up from The Narrows; the nervous out-put of launches; the ringing of bells on the ferryboats; the grimy barges which creep like turtles over the ruffled waters; the spumy whitecaps stirred by the salty breeze; and sometimes the fog which reaches out wet fingers to enshroud the harbor, may have something of romance about them. It is contended that no people are able to see romance in their own century. They say that the steel armor caused the knights of old to perspire (and swear) prodigiously; that lack of plumbing in medieval castles caused discontent among the tenants; and that the Forty-niners chewed tobacco and carelessly wiped their noses on their sleeves, thus rendering it impossible for their fellows to see any romance in their lives. A similar feeling, introduced of course by other causes, may make it impossible for New Yorkers of the present generation to see romance in their city. However, by the year 2000 A. D., and after, Americans may view our modern institutions—among them the present-day New



York Harbor—with the same kind of reverence in which we hold the institutions of 50 years—or several thousand years—ago. And, very possibly, we are missing something by taking the epic wonders of New York Harbor for granted, because this abiding place of ships, surely, has features that would overshadow those of ancient Rome and Athens, were Rome and Athens no older than New York.

ARTERIES OF TRAVEL

IN ANY city the size of Gotham, or anywhere near the size of the American metropolis, the question of transportation is one of prime importance. To understand the seriousness of the transportation problems in New York it is only necessary to point out that twice as many people ride on subway, surface, and elevated cars and trains in Greater New York than are transported on the same day by all the steam railroads in the remainder of the country. Over two billion people ride on surface, elevated, and subway lines in Gotham every year, and still the demand for more extensive transportation facilities continues to grow. If Manhattan were not hemmed in by the Hudson and East Rivers, and if the business and financial districts were not huddled together in such a restricted area, New York's transportation problems would not be so serious; but with matters as they are the congestion of traffic in all parts of the city, at nearly all hours of the day, furnishes a problem that would require the wisdom of a hundred Solomons and the patience of a thousand Jobs to solve.

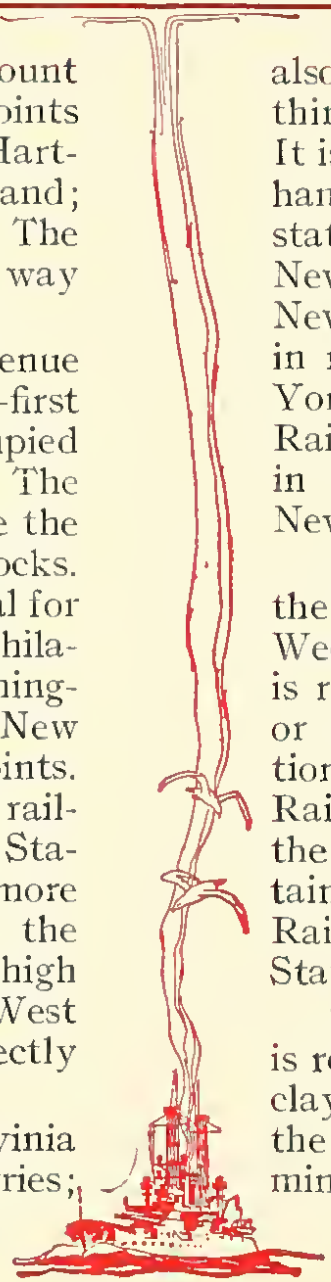
The principal terminal stations, which receive and discharge human cargoes numbering millions of individuals every day, are as follows: The Grand Central, the Pennsylvania, the Erie, the West Shore, the Lackawanna, and the Central Railroad of New Jersey. Besides these, there are the innumerable stops and stations of the subway, surface, and elevated lines.

The Grand Central, at Park Avenue and Forty-second Street, is the terminal for the New York Central and Hudson River Lines for Yonkers, Ossining, Peekskill, Albany, Buffalo, and other localities in New York State; the Harlem division of the New York

Central Hudson River Railroad for Mount Vernon, White Plains, and other points north; the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad for all points in New England; and the Michigan Central for Chicago. The Grand Central can be reached easily by way of the East Side subway.

Two entire blocks, from Seventh Avenue to Eighth Avenue and from Thirty-first Street to Thirty-third Street, are occupied by the Pennsylvania Station building. The underlying and adjoining yards increase the total area of the station to six city blocks. The Pennsylvania Station is the terminal for the Pennsylvania Railroad trains for Philadelphia, Wilmington, Baltimore, Washington, and other points south and west of New York; also Boston and down East points. After the Government took over the railroads during the war, the Pennsylvania Station was made the terminal for the Baltimore and Ohio train running to and from the south; and also the terminal for the Lehigh Valley and Long Island trains. The West Side subway will carry the traveler directly to the Pennsylvania Station.

The Erie Terminal Station at Pavinia Avenue, Jersey City, is reached by ferries; also by Hudson tube from West Twenty-third Street or Chambers Street, New York. It is the terminal for the New York, Susquehanna & Western Railroad for suburban stations in New Jersey; the New York & New Jersey Railroad for stations in northern New Jersey; the Erie Railroad for stations in northern New Jersey, southwestern New York State, and Buffalo; and the Northern Railroad of New Jersey for suburban points in New Jersey and in Rockland County, New York State.



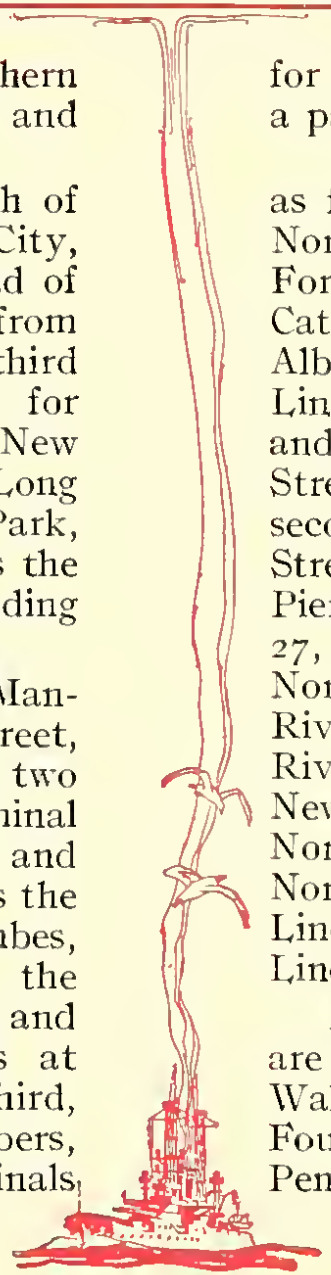
The West Shore Terminal Station, on the Jersey side of the Hudson River at Weehawken, nearly opposite Fiftieth Street, is reached by ferries from Cortlandt Street or West Forty-second Street. This station is the terminal for the West Shore Railroad for stations on the west bank of the Hudson River and the Catskill Mountains; and the New York, Ontario & Western Railroad for stations in central New York State.

The Lackawanna Terminal in Hoboken is reached by ferries from Christopher, Barclay, and West Twenty-third Streets, or the Hudson River tunnels. It is the terminal of the Delaware, Lackawanna &

Western Railroad for stations in northern New Jersey, northern Pennsylvania, and southern New York State.

In the Communipaw section, south of the Pennsylvania terminal in Jersey City, is the terminal of the Central Railroad of New Jersey. It is reached by ferries from Liberty Street and West Twenty-third Street. This station is the terminal for trains running to central and southern New Jersey and the New Jersey coast—Long Branch, Atlantic Highlands, Asbury Park, and other localities. In addition, it is the terminal for the Philadelphia & Reading line to Philadelphia.

Hudson tunnels of the Hudson & Manhattan Railroad Company, 30 Church Street, connect New Jersey and Manhattan via two sets of tunnels. The Hudson Terminal Building, entrance on Cortlandt, Dey, and Fulton Streets, west of Church Street, is the lower New York terminal for the tubes, which are practically a terminal for the Erie, Delaware, Lackawanna, Western, and Pennsylvania lines. The ferryhouses at East Thirty-fourth, West Twenty-third, West Forty-second, Desbrosses, Chambers, Cortlandt, and Liberty Streets are terminals for the various railroads of which they are a part.



Local steamboat lines, with landings, are as follows: Central Hudson Line, Pier 24, North River; Central Railroad steamers, Forty-second Street Pier and Cedar Street; Catskill Night Line, Pier 43, North River; Albany Night Line, known as "Peoples' Line," foot of Canal Street, North River, and West One hundred and thirty-second Street; Albany Day Line, Desbrosses, Forty-second and One hundred and twenty-ninth Streets and North River; Bay State Line, Pier 19, East River; Bridgeport Line, Pier 27, East River; Colonial Line, Pier 39, North River; Coney Island, Pier 1, North River; Fall River Line, Pier 14, North River; Hartford Line, Pier 19, East River; New Haven Line, Pier 28, East River; Norwich and New Bedford Line, Pier 40, North River; Troy Line, known as "Citizens' Line," Pier 32, North River; Providence Line, Pier 15, North River.

Among the principal subway stations are the following: WEST SIDE—Battery, Wall Street, Fulton Street, Brooklyn Bridge, Fourteenth Street, Twenty-third Street, Pennsylvania Station (Thirty-fourth Street),

Forty-second Street (Times Square), Fiftieth Street, Fifty-ninth Street, Ninety-sixth Street, One hundred and third Street, One hundred and sixteenth Street, One hundred and twenty-eighth Street, Dykeman Street, Van Cortlandt Park; and EAST SIDE—Forty-second Street, Fiftieth Street, and Fifty-ninth Street. BROOKLYN—Borough Hall, Fulton Street, Atlantic Avenue, Clark, and DeKalb.

THEATER AND OPERA

NEW YORK is the paradise of actors. Thousands of them live in Gotham, while thousands in other parts of the country look to New York as the ultimate goal which they at sometime hope to attain. To have his or her name blazing on Broadway, means to the actor or actress that ambition has been satisfied; all other successes—in comparison—are of little importance. The feeling of an actor who plays on Broadway is something akin to that of a member of a gun crew when his division makes a perfect score in target practice. He is content; he has reached the heights of endeavor in his profession; he is one to be envied among his fellows. New York is not only a Mecca for actors, it is also a city of theater goers. And the public of Gotham has become so critical and discriminating in its theatrical tastes that the poor mummer without "something new," "something different," soon finds himself playing in obscure theaters or making one-night stands in the rural districts.

Whether it be in comedy, drama, musical comedy, revue, or any other of the varieties of theatrical presentations, New York leads all other cities of the United States. If a show presented in Washington, Philadelphia, New Haven, or other Eastern cities is successful, it usually proceeds immediately to New York, where the cast endeavors to entertain the blasé first-nighters; then waits with tense nerves for the decision of the critics in the morning newspapers. A dull, uninteresting production rarely remains on Broadway for more than a week or two, and hardly longer than that in any part of the theatrical district. So the visitor who goes to a play which has succeeded on Broadway is almost

sure to be entertained; for, like wheat, it has been sifted from the chaff, and has proven itself worthy of residence on the Great White Way.

For years New York led all American cities in grand opera, and still does during the height of the winter season. Since the death of the impresario, Hammerstein, Gotham music lovers have had to be content with less grand opera; but even now grand opera in the metropolis is presented often enough to satisfy all except the most avid and habitual opera goers. The Metropolitan Opera House is two blocks below Times Square, in the rear of the theatrical district. It covers an entire block, and has seating space for over 3,000 persons. Probably more famous singers have appeared at the Metropolitan than at any other opera house in the world, excepting, perhaps, one or two in Italy, the birthplace of grand opera.

Century Theater, Central Park West, one of the largest playhouses in New York, seats nearly 3,000 persons. The gigantic Hippodrome is a popular New York theater; Keith's Palace, one of the best of the vaudeville houses. The Strand, Capitol, Rialto,

Metropolitan Opera House, Broadway, New York

and Rivoli are noted for their motion picture productions.

There are so many theaters in the theatrical district in New York alone that no adequate listing can be undertaken. Within two or three blocks of Times Square, for example, there are 50 excellent theaters, most of them presenting productions in which nationally known actors and actresses play leading parts. Theatrical guides are obtainable at the hotels, and the Metropolitan

Guide also contains the current theatrical offerings. It is the custom at the Public Service Ticket Office, corner of Broadway and Forty-third Street, to sell theater tickets at half-price to men in uniform. The Navy Club, on East Forty-first Street, is another place to obtain information and tickets.

MIDAS & CO., INC.

ONCE upon a time, so the ancient legend runs, there lived a Phrygian king, named Midas, son of Gordius and Cybele. Gordius became famous when he cut the "Gordian Knot," while Cybele was fair to look upon, one of the most beautiful of the Phrygian women. It came to pass that Midas performed a great service for Dionysus, a god of the ancients. He captured Solenus, and then, out of kindness, returned him to Dionysus. The god appreciated the service rendered "unto" him by Midas, and asked what favor could be given. Midas prayed that everything he touched should be turned to gold. Dionysus graciously answered the prayer, and favored Midas, who thereupon proceeded to profit by his good fortune. Everything he laid his hands upon immediately turned to solid gold. Midas became a man of fabulous wealth.

It's a far cry from ancient Phrygia to modern New York, and from Midas to the bankers and brokers of Wall Street; but the similarity of their positions as far as wealth is concerned offers an excuse for the retelling of the ancient legend and its reapplication to Wall Street. It also goes to show the lack of imagination among the story-tellers who lived in Ovid's day. All the wealth of Midas was but a drop in the proverbial bucket compared to the wealth represented in Wall Street. It is said that even the puny story of Midas strained the imaginations of olden story-tellers. If some ancient mystic had gazed in the crystal glass, looked down through the centuries to the present, viewed Wall Street, and told his fellow Phrygians of what he had seen, they would probably have hanged him for a liar. It only goes to show how modern facts have outdistanced ancient fancies.

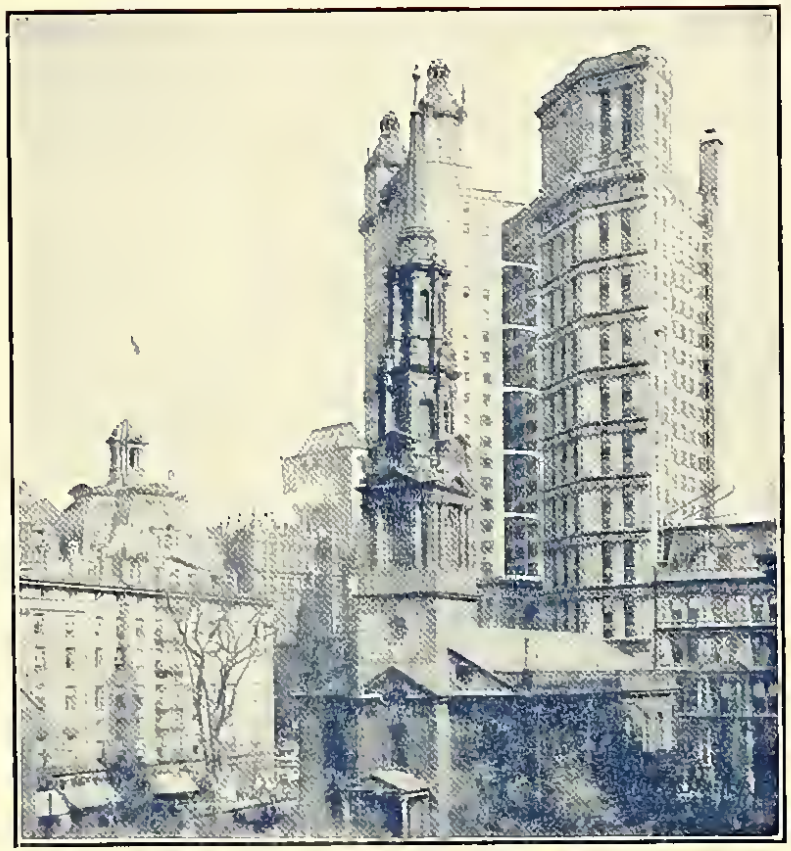
The financial district of New York City is the gigantic successor of the rather insignificant concern of Midas & Co. (incorporated

under the laws of ancient Phrygia). Of course, the similarity ends at a certain point. Wall Street never depended on the gods for wealth. It depended on its own intelligence and native ability. And, to conclude, Wall Street probably never heard of Phrygia, and might find it difficult to place Midas himself. Then, too, the "Golden Touch," which eventually became too much for Midas, especially when he handled food, seems never to have affected our Wall Street bankers.

Wall Street is not a very imposing thoroughfare. It is short, narrow, and a bit dusty. The pavement and sidewalks are sometimes grimy in places, where the street cleaners have overlooked small heaps of dirt. In summer it is hot, very hot; and in winter Wall Street is miserably cold, and it snows there just as it does on the Lower East Side or over in Brooklyn. And Wall Street isn't paved with gold, as some European immigrants have been led to believe. They hold the opinion down in Wall Street that asphalt wears better, and so asphalt "it is." Wall Street isn't even dignified during business hours. Millionaires and multimillionaires rush around like their clerks; and between

Wall Street—West, past U. S. Subtreasury, to Trinity Church, New York

times they sit in upholstered chairs with their feet under polished mahogany desks. However, "between times" are not as frequent in Wall Street as most people believe. Nearly every one in Wall Street works, and



The Old St. Paul's Church, St. Paul Building, and Park Row Building, New York

works hard, from office boy to the man of wealth. Its a revelation to see a frenzied millionaire, with choleric countenance and collar wilted, rush up and down the floor of the exchange, his throat filled with curses and his hands filled with sheets of paper. The floor on which he walks is covered with bits of torn paper. Villon might say they resemble feathers from the backs of plucked geese.

Not only is American business controlled by Wall Street, but, since the beginning of the World War in 1914, the financial center of the world has shifted from London to New York. The dollar has triumphed over the pound sterling, the franc, the lire and the mark. It was through Wall Street that many of the loans to foreign countries were negotiated—the loans that helped the Allies to stave off the German onrush until the United States determined the final outcome of the war by entering it. Wall Street is not only the headquarters of finance, but it also controls transportation in this country. Political as well as economic history is written daily behind closed doors in this "short, narrow, dusty street" in the heart of Gotham.

The New York Stock Exchange was founded in 1792 by a number of brokers, who gathered under a buttonwood tree at 70 Wall Street and formed the organization whose present power, very probably, would

be almost incomprehensible to them were they to return. The present site of the Stock Exchange around the corner of Broad Street was purchased in 1883, and the present building completed in 1903. Transactions are made between 10 o'clock in the morning and 3 o'clock in the afternoon. Tens of thousands of dollars are spent for seats in the Exchange—when they are to be had at all—and only members of the Exchange are allowed "on the floor."

The United States Subtreasury, a foundation stone in the financial structure of the Nation, is on Wall Street, at the head of Broad Street, a block from Broadway. It stands on the site of the old Dutch Town Hall, torn down to make way for the Federal buildings which were in use when Washington was inaugurated. A stone slab in the main corridor of the Subtreasury indicates the spot where Washington stood when he took his oath of office as first President of the United States of America. A heroic-sized statue of Washington standing in front of the Subtreasury was the scene of numerous meetings during the historic Liberty Loan drives held there after the United States entered the World War. Hundreds of

Broad Street

millions of dollars were subscribed to help finance the machinery of war, and many of the foremost citizens of the Nation stood before the mighty statue of the first President and spoke to assembled thousands in

Plaza Hotel, New York

behalf of the Liberty and Victory loans. More gold and silver is stored in the Subtreasury building than anywhere else in the country, except in the Treasury in Washington. The bullion is kept in huge vaults, guarded so closely that the most clever "master mind" among the criminals of two continents have never been able to boast to their fellow cracksmen that they have stolen bullion from the Subtreasury in Wall Street.

The banking house of J. P. Morgan & Co. is at the corner of Broad and Wall Streets, opposite the Subtreasury, and on the south side of the latter street. It was the company which negotiated many loans for the British during the war, and, financially speaking, helped to throw about the German armies that iron ring which was to bring about the strangulation of the German Empire.

One of the principal features of Wall Street district is the curb market on Broad Street, where from 10 in the morning until 4 in the afternoon the visitor may see strange and unusual sights, more reminiscent of the violent ward in Bellevue Hospital than of the financial center of the world. Frantic brokers and their clerks, hatless and coatless (and mannerless), stand on the curb and in the middle of the street where they signal in "deaf and dumb" language to their coworkers in windows above. A flip of a thumb or a tangling of fingers means the sale or purchase of stock

which may ultimately result in the making of a millionaire or perhaps a pauper. There is more adventure of a kind to be had in a morning on the curb market than the traveler would find in the depths of Africa or India or the jungles of Ceylon, or in any of the outposts of civilization. But the traders do not see adventure in it. To them it is a part of business, a part of life. (It is just a phase of the operations of Midas & Co., Inc.)

THE PARKS, HOTELS

HE stranger in New York would imagine at first that the city has no room for parks; that ground is too valuable; that every foot of space must be given over to buildings or to thoroughfares in this crammed and crowded metropolis. Imagine his surprise, then, when he sees park squares in the downtown districts, occupying ground worth tens of millions of dollars as building sites; Central Park, holding precious square miles of territory, whose value is priceless; Morningside Park, Mount Morris, and other parks

Central Park from Plaza Hotel

in Manhattan; Van Cortlandt, Crotona, Claremont, St. Mary's, Bronx, and other parks in The Bronx; and Williamsburg, Fort Greene, Winthrop, and other parks in Brooklyn.

Let the critic who accuses New York of being entirely commercial and cold-blooded look at her parks, whose existence by common consent of the people shows something of a spirit of sacrifice as far as personal comfort and convenience are concerned, which might not be shown in other cities were they so desperately in need of room as New York

Metropolitan Museum of Art

City. And, incidentally, let the critic look to the cemeteries of New York. From St. Paul's Graveyard in Manhattan to Woodlawn Cemetery, near Van Cortlandt Park, the dead lie unmolested by land-greedy intruders. There have been cases where other cities have ousted the dead from their graves to give the living more elbow room. The same can not be true of New York. Such a city can not be "entirely commercial and cold-blooded."

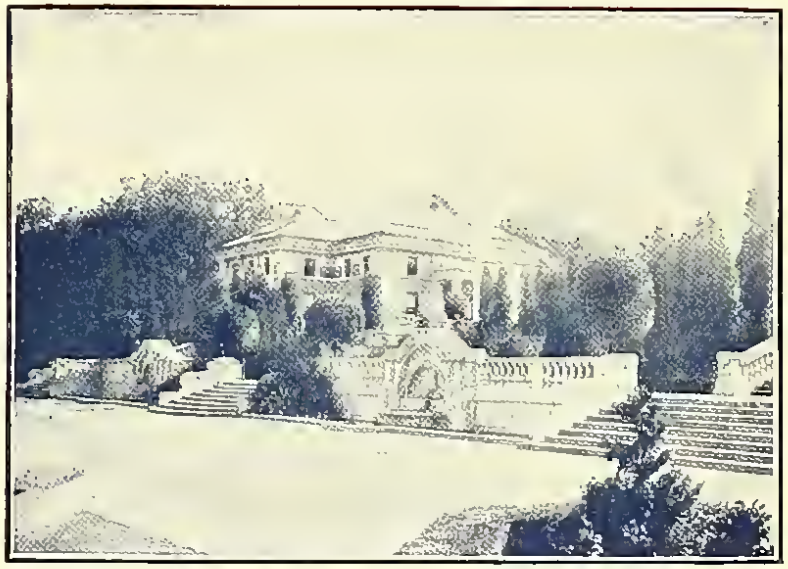
Central Park, the best known of all parks in New York City, extends along Fifth Avenue for a distance of two and one-half miles—from Fifty-ninth Street on the south to One hundred and tenth Street on the north. It contains 879 acres, over which wind 9 miles of roads, 5 miles of bridle paths, and 28 miles of walks. Nearly half of Central Park is covered with trees and shrubs, among them specimens typical of many countries and climates. There are several lakes in the park, and the Croton Reservoir, which at one time was the principal storage place of New York's water supply. In summer there is boating and in winter skating on the artificial lakes in Central Park. In addition, there are open spaces for tennis and baseball. Among the other features of Central Park are quaint bridges and archways, many statues of "men whose names have lived after them," playgrounds, and the Egyptian Obelisk, a sister of Cleopatra's Needle in London. Probably the most lively and altogether fascinating part of Central Park is the Zoological Garden, where most of the animals, birds, and reptiles we have heard about, and many we never suspected were in existence, live—and walk or run—fly or crawl—respectively.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art, at Eighty-first Street and Fifth Avenue, in Central Park, is the most important institution

of its kind in the United States, and one of the largest of its kind in the world. English, Italian, Flemish, Dutch, French, and American masters are represented in the art gallery, and several rooms are hung with pictures of the modern schools, both American and foreign. The Benjamin Altman collection, one of several willed to the Museum by wealthy Americans, is valued at fifteen millions of dollars.

Some of the more exquisite and masterly pictures and statuary in the Museum are in the following list: Madonna Colonna, Raphael; Portrait of George Washington, Gilbert Stuart; The Horse Fair, Rosa Bonheur; the Holy Family, Paul Rubens; Girl with a Cat, Gainsborough; Retreat from Moscow, Gustave Doré; Ariadne in Naxos, Watts; Autumn Oaks, Inness; Ville D'Avray; The Mills, Rembrandt; Portrait of Lady Crewe, Sir Joshua Reynolds; Etruscan Bronze Chariot of the sixth century B. C.; Family, first century B. C.; and Statue of a Prince of the Hulio Claudian, also of the first century B. C.

Principal among the parks of The Bronx is the one bearing the name of the borough—Bronx Park. It comprises over 700 acres



Italian Gardens at Entrance to Bronx Park

of land and lies on both sides of the Bronx River, which wanders down that way from the direction of Wakefield Park. The Bronx Zoological Garden, containing the largest collection of animals in the world; the Botanical Gardens, covering 250 acres in the northern section of the park; and the large glacial boulder, are the main attractions. Either subway will take the visitor to the Bronx Park.

To add another superlative to the appalling list which has preceded it, New York's

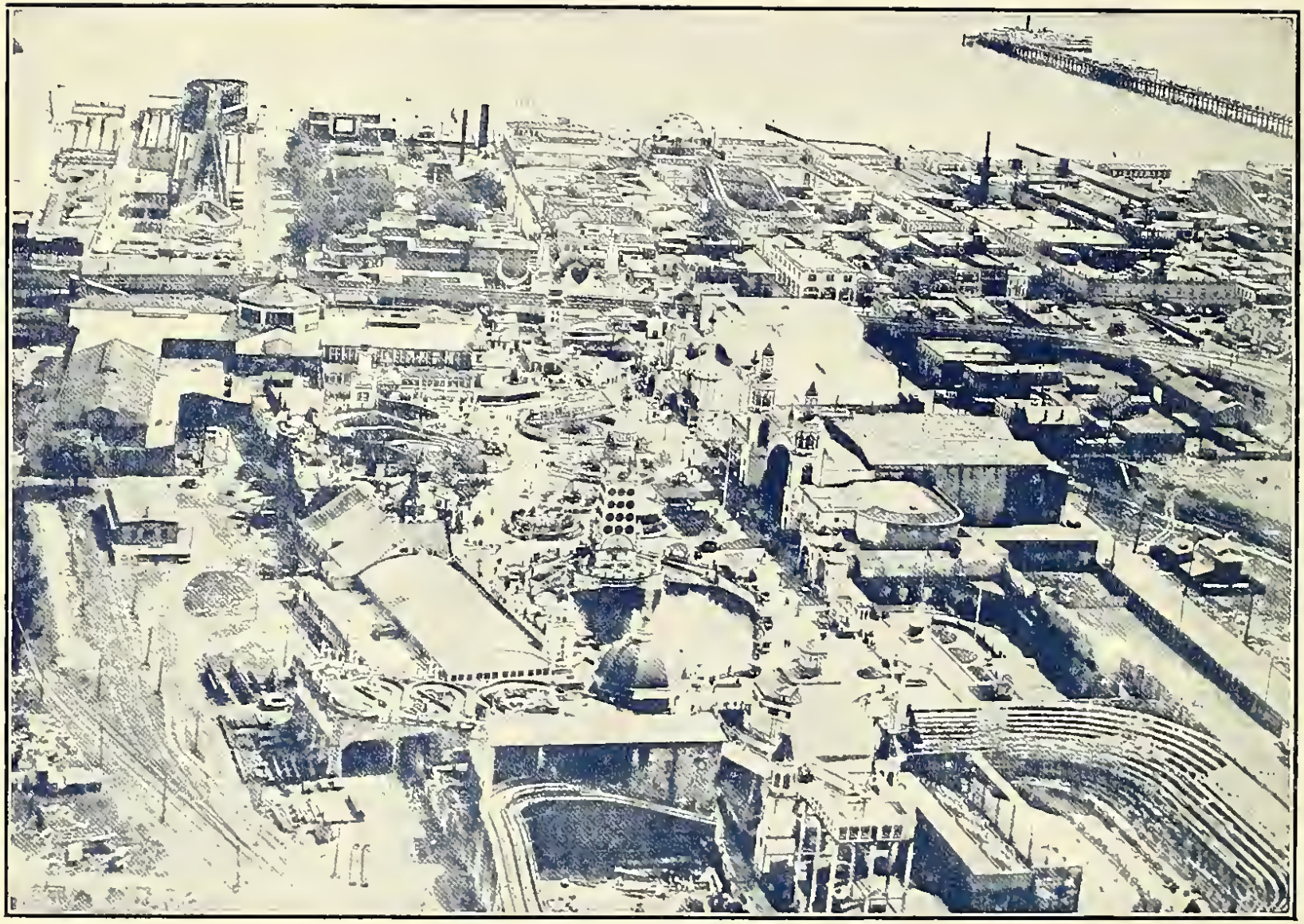
Columbia University, Library

hotel system is the greatest in the world. It could hardly be otherwise, with tens and hundreds of thousands of travelers entering and leaving the city every day. The problem of housing its visitors is being met by New York with the same spirit which has typified its fight for progress and improvement in other matters, such as in the case of bridges, subways, and water supply. The visitor has little difficulty in selecting a hotel in any part of the city, from the expensive hotels (Pennsylvania, Astor, Biltmore, Vanderbilt, Commodore, Knickerbocker, Plaza, and Waldorf-Astoria) to hotels where prices are not as high. Among the hotels charging popular prices are the Mills, the Breslin, and the Grand. Additional information concerning hotels may be obtained at the Sands Street Y. M. C. A. in Brooklyn, or the Association on Twenty-third Street, near Sixth Avenue, Manhattan.

FLOTSAM AND JETSAM

IN EVERY stream, whether it be of water or of words, there are bayous, and branches, and whatnot, where water (or words) are separated from the main flow of the current or the narrative and wasted, unless returned in one way or another to the "river." It is true of the Mississippi, the Seine, the Thames, the

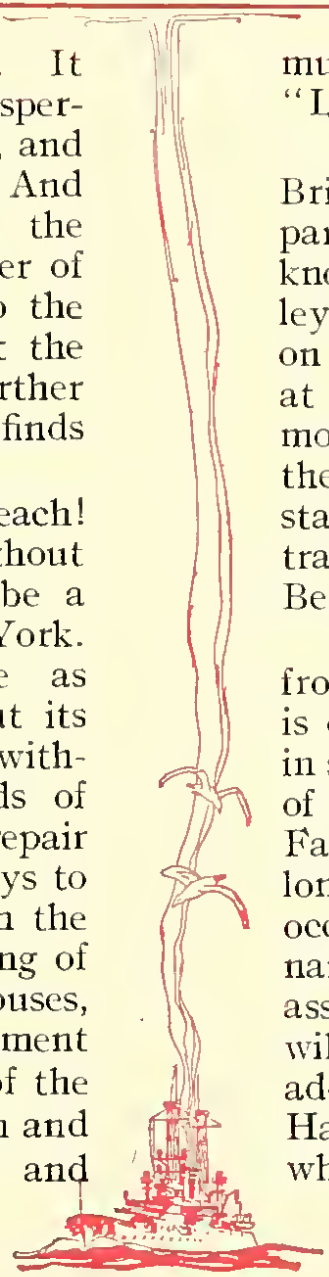
CONEY ISLAND—THE BEACH



CONEY ISLAND

Ganges, and innumerable other rivers. It is true of most narratives, however desperately the writer may strive to avoid it, and it is true of this tale of New York. And requesting the reader's indulgence, the writer will now proceed to bale a number of words, sentences, and paragraphs into the main stream of the narrative, so that the reader, if he desires, may float still further down the river (and let us hope he finds the scenery interesting).

Coney Island, and Brighton Beach! Could New York be New York without these two? Possibly, but it would be a sadly altered and chastened New York. Without them Gotham would be as strangely unnatural as Naples without its famous sky or the Rocky Mountains without its peaks. Hundreds of thousands of New Yorkers and visitors in Gotham repair to Coney Island on Sundays and holidays to dip in the surf, and sun themselves on the beach, and fill their lungs with the tang of salt air. Coney Island has bathing houses, restaurants, hotels, and various amusement facilities always identified with places of the sort, such as roller coasters, photograph and shooting galleries, merry-go-rounds, and museums. The two amusement parks are "Luna Park" and "Steeplechase."



Coney Island proper, including West Brighton, is the oldest and most popular part of the entire series of beaches popularly known as Coney Island. Steamboats, trolley cars, and sight-seeing busses, with stands on Broadway, make trips to Coney Island at various hours of the day. Probably the most convenient route from down town is by the Broadway subway. The Sands Street station is a stopping place for elevated trains going to Coney Island and Brighton Beach.

The Hall of Fame.—A number of miles from Coney Island as far as actual distance is concerned, and several universes from it in spirit, is the Hall of Fame, on the grounds of New York University. The Hall of Fame, a semicircular colonnade, 500 feet long, contains 150 panels, some of them occupied by bronze tablets bearing the names of famous Americans, others not yet assigned to the persons whose memory they will help to perpetuate. Five names will be added every 50 years to those already in the Hall of Fame, until the year 2000 A. D., when the roll of 150 will be completed, at

College of the City of New York

which time the Hall must either be enlarged or a new one erected. It will be a bothersome question, without doubt, but there is some consolation in knowing that none of us now living will have to worry about it.

Columbia University.—It is the largest institution of its kind in the United States, founded during the reign of King George II and "perpetuated as Columbia University by the people of the State of New York." The library and principal lecture hall of Columbia stand in a square bounded by Broadway and Amsterdam Avenue and One hundred and sixteenth and One hundred and twentieth Streets.

College of the City of New York.—One of the features of this college is the stadium, with a seating capacity of 5,000. It was given to the college by Adolph Lewisohn. At intervals the stadium is the scene of civic and community functions and games and athletic contests. At Convent Avenue and One hundred and forty-first Street there stood the home of Alexander Hamilton at the time he was shot and killed in his duel with Aaron Burr.

The Polo Grounds.—Home of the "Yankees" and the "Giants," the Polo Grounds at One hundred and fifty-seventh Street and Eighth Avenue, are the scene of innumerable games between pennant contenders in the American and National Leagues. It is here that the mighty and muscular "Babe" Ruth, known in Americanese as "The Battering Behemoth" and "The King of Swat," wrinkled many a pitcher's brow by running up a record list of home runs in 1920. After the close of the baseball season the Polo Grounds are usually

deserted until the beginning of another season, except at times when football teams representing universities and colleges meet on the field to decide the merits of their respective elevens.

The Poe Cottage.—With their usual irreverence for the memories of American authors and poets, the American people have permitted the home of Edgar Allan Poe, at Kingsbridge Road and One hundred and ninety-second Street, to be turned into a dentist's office. Where that genius of geniuses wrote "The Raven" and the fantastically beautiful "Annabel Lee"—

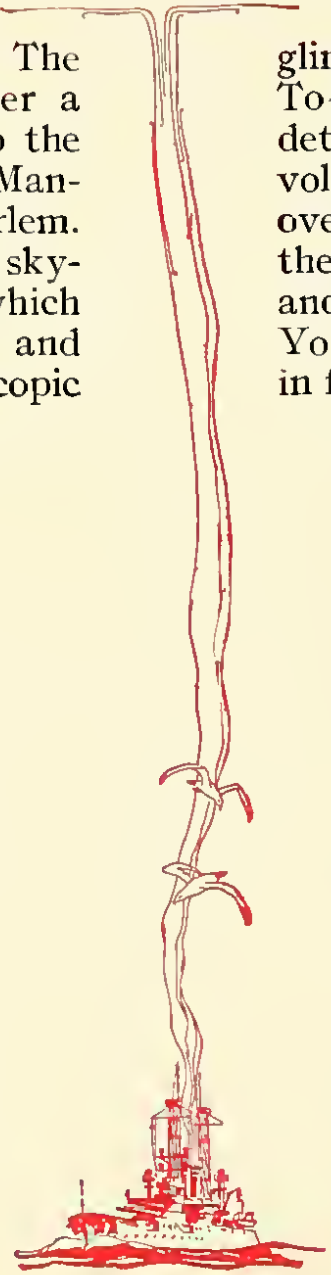
> "It was many and many a year ago,
> In a Kingdom by the sea,
> That a maiden there lived whom you may know
> By the name of Annabel Lee:
> And this maiden lived with no other thought
> Than to love and be loved by me"

—an efficient dentist now pulls and fills the teeth of his victims. Possibly it is fortunate that the homes of so many other immortals are in foreign countries, where they can receive their just amount of reverent attention. If Shakespeare's cottage were on this side of the Atlantic Ocean it would probably be a garage by now; the homes of Sir Walter Scott, Robert Louis Stevenson,

Edgar Allen Poe Cottage, Fordham

and Robert Burns would probably be barber shops or lunch rooms; the Parthenon, the Coliseum, and other revered structures of an ancient civilization would probably be now used as cow stables; the Alhambra might be a dance hall; Goethe's home, a secondhand store; Dante's home, part of an ex-brewery, and so on down the list. Edgar Allan Poe! In the public's opinion he must be so obscure a person that in this day of prosperity there is none so poor as to do him reverence.

With this tirade the narrative ends. The preceding pages have given the reader a glimpse of New York from the bay to the Hudson and the East River; from Manhattan to The Bronx, Brooklyn, and Harlem. It has taken him from the tops of skyscrapers to the tunnels and tubes which thread the earth beneath the asphalt, and it has given him a rather kaleidoscopic glimpse of life in the American metropolis. To go into the subject of New York in detail would require a library of heavy volumes. So, having no more than skimmed over the surface of the material available, the writer will plague the reader no longer, and will leave him to enjoy a tour of New York, whether it be a visit in fact or only in fancy.



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MEMORANDUM

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MEMORANDUM

MEMORANDUM

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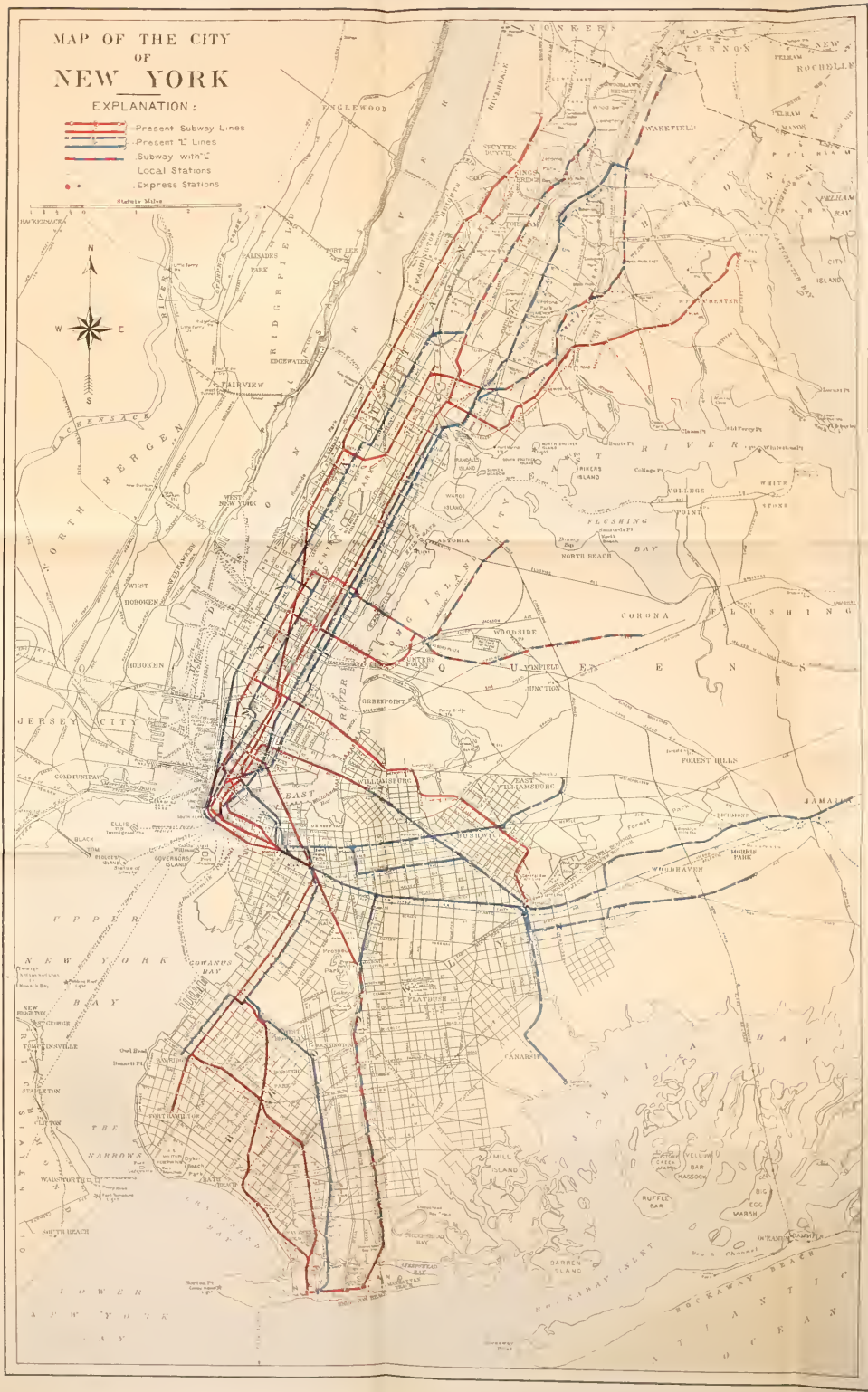
MAP OF THE CITY
OF
NEW YORK
EXPLANATION:
Present Subway Lines
Present "L" Lines
Subway with "L"
Local Stations
Express Stations
Statute Miles
N
S
E
W
YONKERS
MOUNT VERNON
NEW ROCHELLE
PELHAM
ENGLEWOOD
WAKEFIELD
HACKENSACK
PALISADES PARK
RIDGEFIELD
EDGEWATER
FAIRVIEW
NORTH BERGEN
WEST NEW YORK
HOBOKEN
JERSEY CITY
CITY ISLAND
WESTCHESTER
HUDSON RIVER
EAST RIVER
HARLEM RIVER
RIKERS ISLAND
COLLEGE POINT
WHITESTONE
FLUSHING
FLUSHING BAY
NORTH BEACH
LONG ISLAND CITY
ASTORIA
WOODSIDE
CORONA
QUEENS
JUNCTION
GREENPOINT
FOREST HILLS
JAMAICA
WILLIAMSBURG
EAST WILLIAMSBURG
BUSHWICK
COMMUNIPAW
ELLIS ISLAND
GOVERNORS ISLAND
BLACK TOM
UPPER NEW YORK BAY
GOWANUS BAY
NEW BRIGHTON
TOMPKINSVILLE
STAPLETON
CLIFTON
FORT HAMILTON
THE NARROWS
WALLABOUT BAY
SOUTH BEACH
LOWER NEW YORK BAY
FLATBUSH
CANARSIE
JAMAICA BAY
MILL ISLAND
YELLOW BAR HASSOCK
RUFFLE BAR
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